THE New Republic

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by Delmore Schwartz

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ADLAI STEVENSON'S ROLE

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AUGUST 8, 1955

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Washington Wire .... T.R.B.

Anyone who will compare what Ike was telling the press about Dixon-Yates and what was actually happening will conclude that this is the first clear-cut example in this Administration of what everybody feared, an amiable, attractive President being kept ignorant on a big matter by those around him. The Dixon-Yates story is important, really, from that aspect. Last year on August 17, for example, Ike told the press with weary patience that they could get the "complete record" from the Budget Bureau and Atomic Energy Commission.. "It is all yours," he said. Instead, these agencies are now seen to have held back crucial facts—facts which make it appear more and more as though this were a grandiose Wall Street scheme to wreck not merely TVA but the whole public-resource-development program.

On June 29 of this year Ike again told the press that the banker-businessman Adolph Wenzell "was never called in or asked a single thing about the Dixon-Yates contract." This was untrue: Ike didn't know it, but the manipulation was going on behind his back. In a third instance Ike told the press, with restrained irritation, that it would get "every single document that was pertinent to this thing." But now it is disclosed that Ike's subordinates put out a fatally incomplete and doctored record.

At his latest press conference, July 27, Ike, his face furiously pink, flared up. Pressed by reporters on inconsistencies he angrily declared, "I don't intend to comment on it anymore at all. . . . I don't know exactly such details as that. How can I be expected to know? I never heard of it."

So there it is. Ike "never heard of it." In summary the President—a high-minded, well-meaning, ex-soldier — heartily dislikes public ownership and has surrounded himself with wealthy businessmen—bankers who share his views. They know he will approve their general, idealized objectives, and they keep details of their little tricks to themselves. They operate in a cloud of moral superiority. This is a situation made to order for skullduggery. The Dixon-Yates contract is now cancelled, but Senator Kefauver is only just bringing out the bigger story of what really happened and what was involved. The observer keeps asking himself: Can Ike learn from this experience?

Can Ike learn from the Talbott affair? What startled Washington politicians, Democrats and Republicans alike, was the delay in Talbott's resignation. But is not that only natural in an Administration which regards its every act as automatically virtuous? Politicians know what can, and cannot, be done in public life. Businessmen like Talbott take a long time catching on. Talbott is the bridge-playing friend of Ike, who helped run GOP fund-raising drives for Dewey and then Eisenhower. Again one asks, Can Ike learn? What went through his mind as he read the Talbott record on his Gettysburg farm? There was another great general who became President once; he is buried on Riverside Drive and his motives, too, were honorable.

Last week this column suggested urgently that Adlai Stevenson show his leadership by a public appeal to the House of Representatives to kill the natural gas grab. He didn't—and the bill edged through, 209 to 203. Democrats voted 86 for the grab to 136 against; Republicans voted 123 for, and 67 against. We may be wrong, but it is our professional judgment that if Stevenson had boldly intervened, this narrow margin would have been reversed.

In the final days of the gas fight Truman came out against the grab; Governor Harriman of New York wired each Congressional member from his state to vote "No"; Governor Meyner (D, New Jersey) did the same; Democratic Mayors Robert Wagner of New York, Joseph Clark of Philadelphia, David Lawrence of Pittsburgh, and scores of others got into the struggle. No word from Illinois. Stevenson is reportedly looking for issues. Here was an issue looking for Stevenson. We regret they didn't rendezvous.

Gas bill passage in the Senate next year should be easier than by the bare six-vote House margin, for in the upper house the GOP-Southern Democratic coalition controls. The bill ends federal regulation of natural gas at the wellhead, and we assume Ike will sign it. What will higher gas prices for consumers mean? Well, take the case of Humble Oil, subsidiary of Standard of New Jersey, a major producer of natural gas. Humble's gas reserves are estimated at 16 trillion cubic feet. A price increase of one cent for each 1,000 cubic feet would add $160 million to Humble's worth alone. You can see what the stakes are. Nobody favors federal safeguards except the little people.

Joe McCarthy hasn't anything to lose anymore. He is trying to build up an "I-told-you-so" position against Administration Far Eastern negotiations in case anything goes wrong. In the course of an attack on Ike's Far Eastern policy on the floor last week he complimented veteran statesman Walter George (D, Ga.) as "an excellent Senator." The answer was typical. "I wish I could reciprocate the compliment," boomed George, "but I shall not perjure myself by any such statement as that." McCarthy is deflated —years must pass to undo his work. Every little while now some court throws out one of his manifestations—the Peters and Lattimore cases and now the Corliss Lamont case. Federal Judge Weinfeld has just ruled McCarthy had no right to interrogate Lamont on his personal beliefs. But that doesn't end it. McCarthy men are planted over the Executive as a result of Ike's appeasement phase: McLeod in the State Department, Charles Kersten in the White House as aides, Robert E. Lee in the FCC, and so on. The Small Business Administration has just thrown out its McCarthy-type chief security officer, George McDavitt, who created a reign of terror there. Convalescence doesn't come in a day.

Notes: Under this Administration anything can happen; it turns out that the Air Force has been transporting 200 Buchmanite Moral Rearmament barnstormers around Asia in three Military Air Transport Service planes at cost, subsidizing this branch of religion and putting on a roadshow for embarrassed Hindus.

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BEHIND THE HEADLINES

Chou En-lai Leads the Oriental Symphony

ON the morning of August 1, 1955, a strange coincidence occurred in the far separated cities of Geneva, Switzerland, and Peking, China. In Geneva the young, handsome, 6-foot American Ambassador, Alexis Johnson, had breakfasted and was about to leave his hotel for the Palace of Nations—former headquarters for the League of Nations—where he was sharing a modest conference room with a Chinese Communist chap named Wang. The room cost $1.15 a day, and he and Wang had agreed to split the cost. This was to be their first morning together. Their conversations that morning involved some imprisoned Americans.

In far off Peking, at just this hour, a Communist Chinese radio announcer stepped to the microphone and announced that 11 imprisoned American flyers, who had been captured about 30 months earlier in the Korean War, were being released by order of a Chinese Court, which only the night before had decided to give the men time off for good behavior and to expel them from the country.

The reason these two events fell on the same morning was that the United States had paid a price, and a review of the 30-month imprisonment will show why.

The UN General Assembly appealed to Communist China to release the men, and nothing happened. The American Consul-General at Geneva talked 17 times with the Chinese Communist Consul-General — always about imprisoned Americans—and little happened. Prime Minister U Nu of Burma, after a visit to Peking, predicted the flyers were about to be released and urged direct talks between the US and Communist China. Nothing happened. At the Bandung Conference in April four different prime ministers, after conferring with Chou En-lai, said the release of the flyers was imminent and they appealed to Washington for direct Chinese talks. Nothing happened. In May of this year V. K. Krishna Menon, roving Indian ambassador, reported from Peking that the flyers were about to get their freedom and flew to Washington to urge the President to have direct talks with Communist China. Nothing happened.

The flyers were released on August 1, 1955, because the US paid the price—to sit down and hold political talks with Communist China.

Having eliminated from their agenda the one item on which the Chinese could not negotiate—for the flyers were held in clear violation of the Korean truce agreement which China had accepted—the two ambassadors got down to their confidential talks.

Probably no diplomatic talks in recent years aroused greater fears—fear of the consequences if they were not held, and fear of the results if they were. Every major capital in the world had its own apprehensions. Here are some of the thoughts of an apprehensive world:

Washington: President Eisenhower returned from the Summit Conference with the thought that if American-Soviet accommodation is to grow on a world-wide basis, the US must seek a US-Chinese accommodation. The President, therefore, gave the order for the talks to a reluctant Secretary of State and told his press conference that "eventually" there might be a Dulles-Chou En-lai meeting. As Mr. Dulles revealed his doubts to a press conference, his instructions to Ambassador Johnson might be paraphrased:

> Sit tight, keep your feet on the ground, hold tight to your hat, make no proposals, reserve your position, keep your name out of the papers, let the Department know what happens, good luck.

London: Prime Minister Eden told Parliament after the Big Four meeting that the situation in Asia was "definitely more dangerous" than in Europe. It was leaked to the London press that both Mr. Eden and Premier Bulganin had urged President Eisenhower at Geneva to initiate direct talks with Communist China. The British believed the Formosa situation is too dangerous to let drift.

Moscow: At no time did the Big Four in Geneva discuss Communist China at a plenary session, but the impression which the Soviet delegates gave was that they fear the Chinese Communists do not comprehend the full meaning of nuclear discoveries, and therefore do not reflect the true balance of power in their diplomacy. Less than a year ago Mao Tse-tung told a European diplomat that if Americans killed 100 million Chinese with atom bombs, there would still be 500 million left, and all Asia would rise up against the Americans.

Peking: Chou En-lai told the National People's Congress just two days before the opening of the US-Chinese talks that he hoped the two-nation discussions would lead to wider talks, culminating in an Asia security pact, to be signed by Asians and others concerned with Asia including the United States. Chou listed three conditions for a general Chinese-American settlement: (1) lifting of American-Chinese trade restrictions; (2) withdrawal of United States forces from the Formosa area, which he described as "an American occupation"; and (3) a halt to American subversive activities against China. The first two are undoubtedly major issues in the Chinese view; the third may be a talking point to offset the expected American demand that Communist China terminate its subversive activities in Southeast Asia.

Taipei, Formosa: The Chiang Kai-shek Government announced that the United States was right in seeking release of its citizens, but denounced any

What the Soviet Farmers Really Thought About Iowa

Next week NR Correspondent Kenneth Davis reports on his travels with the Russian party.

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political talks directed at a negotiated cease-fire in the Formosa Strait.

Tokyo: Chou En-lai last week offered Chinese-Japanese talks. Premier Hatoyama expressed hope, Eisenhower-fashion, that tension might be relaxed but the Japanese foreign minister, with Dulles-like gloom, said he had no confidence that the Chinese Communists have changed. Hopes of Japanese businessmen for greater trade with Communist China were again reported.

Southeast Asia: Reports from Manila and Bangkok reflected uneasiness that the United States was moving toward recognition of Communist China, while neutralist India and Burma were said to be openly delighted that their efforts toward face-to-face talks were yielding results.

How long would the talks last? Unlike Mr. Eisenhower, Ambassador Johnson set no limit: "As long as necessary," he said. One guess was three weeks.

And what would they accomplish? The best judgment was that anything tangible, on imprisoned Americans or otherwise, would be secondary to the possibility of a new climate of negotiation in which, over a series of meetings, the East and the West might approach a security settlement in Asia.

Justice Tries Again

ON JULY 20 the CIO United Auto Workers Union was indicted by a Federal Grand Jury in Detroit for using union funds to support political candidates in the 1954 Congressional campaign. According to the Justice Department, the union violated a provision of the 1947 Taft-Hartley Act which bans political activity by labor unions as such, when it spent $6,000 on nine TV programs featuring Democratic candidates, including Patrick V. McNamara, who went on to become Michigan's junior Senator.

This is the fourth time that a labor union has been indicted under this provision. In view of what happened the three preceding times, it comes as a surprise to the UAW that the Justice Department should still be trying.

Since Taft-Hartley was passed, the US Supreme Court has ruled that a union may not be prohibited from publishing a newspaper that expresses political opinion. The New York Court of Appeals has ruled that a union may not be prohibited from buying radio time to express political opinion. A US District Court for Missouri has ruled that a union may not be prohibited from sending paid organizers out to campaign during an election. In each case the courts explained that if the Taft-Hartley Act is to be interpreted as being constitutional, it will have to be interpreted as permitting labor unions to engage in politics.

Why then is the Justice Department making yet another attempt now—even after Warren Olney III, Assistant Attorney General in Charge of the Criminal Division, told a Senate Committee that the Supreme Court's decision had "made it almost impossible, certainly impracticable, to prosecute" under this section of the Taft-Hartley Act? Well, the Democrats won in Michigan last year, and Michigan's GOP Chairman John Fiekins together with Michigan-born-and-bred Postmaster General Arthur Summerfield were upset by the victory. Attorney General Brownell's prosecution of their enemy, the UAW, helps soothe the hurts.

In view of the past decisions, this latest indictment comes largely as a formality. The fact that the Justice Department has brought it in so genteel a fashion—not naming names or threatening jail sentences, as it can under the statute, and did in its earlier case against the CIO during the Truman Administration—shows how much of a formality it is. Union lawyers are now contemplating asking the courts to rule, once and for all, that the government is quite correct in its interpretation of the Taft-Hartley Act as banning political activity by unions, and that at least this provision of the law is therefore unconstitutional.

Scientific Crossfire

SCIENTIFIC advance is coming so fast that the poor layman seems to be caught in a crossfire.

For example, an army researcher the other day said his unit had figured out that less than 100 H-bombs of 1954 potency could lay down a saturation pattern of poisonous fallout over the Soviet Union. He apologized for bringing this up after Geneva, but the idea was that you take the wind pattern for the day, plot your bombs checkerboard fashion, and every last Russian would be trapped like the luckless Japanese fishermen near Bikini.

But even a layman can figure out that if this can happen to the Russians, it can happen to the Americans, only the number of bombs needed here can be fewer, maybe half as many. And how does the Civil Defense Administration evacuate us then?

Before the layman can answer that, another research man, this time with the Atomic Energy Commission, volunteers the report that AEC has made great strides with a chemical agent which will protect human beings against lethal radioactive material. Nothing final yet. But Chairman Strauss of the AEC says, in his semi-annual report, that it is on the way. That seems to make everything

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all right. But scientists no doubt are at work on how to neutralize the chemical agent. The layman finds no exit.

Migratory Peddler

BRYANT BOWLES, a man who helped to foment school strikes against desegregation in Milford, Delaware, Baltimore, Maryland, and Washington, D. C., recently tried his luck in Charlotte, North Carolina, but found that the people there would not buy his brand of hate. The youthful, Florida-born founder of the National Association for the Advancement of White People had been invited to Charlotte by a group of citizens who wanted to learn more about the organization. A mass rally was scheduled at the Municipal Stadium.

Almost from the beginning things went wrong. Two days before his scheduled arrival, the *Charlotte News* carried a profile of Bowles which included an account of his frequent bouts with the law. The *Charlotte Observer* followed suit, pointing out that whatever Charlotte needed, it wasn't the NAAWP.

Bowles arrived a day late, carrying with him two suitcases, one containing membership forms selling for $5 to $50. The *News* greeted him editorially with the question, "What Is Bowles' Real Aim? Segregation Or Anti-Semitism." In a five-column spread, it examined Bowles' publication, *The National Forum*, and quoted: "The people behind the National Association for The Advancement of Colored People are not Negroes, but Jews. . . . His [Eisenhower's] groveling before Jews and Negroes really paid off. . . . Did you know that Marlene Dietrich is a German Jewess?" The newspaper asked whether Bowles was fit to advise the people of North Carolina.

Bowles denied being anti-Semitic, and said he would hold the mass rally at the Stadium. Piloting his own private plane which is equipped with a loud speaker, he flew over the surrounding towns for several days publicizing the Tuesday night spectacle. But only 175 people showed up. Looking out on the rows of empty seats, Bowles didn't try to hide his disappointment. "You can expect Negroes in your schools in September," he predicted, ". . . empty seats here tonight prove it." He promised to come back to Charlotte in two weeks if enough people were interested. But more than two weeks have elapsed since he promised to return, and his plane hasn't been sighted.

Onward and Upward With the GOP

AS CONGRESS goes home, Republicans can already be heard singing a song that will become more and more popular among GOP spokesmen as November, 1956, nears. It runs like this: The President offered the country a splendid legislative program; the Democratic-controlled Congress prevented the nation from reaping the bounty it would have reaped had Republicans been in the legislative saddle. In foreign affairs, they concede, the Democrats have gone along pretty well, but on domestic issues the Democrats have stood in the way of the Eisenhower-planned millenium.

A glance at the number of key bills that have come up during the current session does not entirely bear out this simple analysis. The President—not astonishingly—was better supported on domestic issues by his own party than by the Democrats, but that is hardly the entire story. For the Democrats did not merely pass their time in stubborn opposition.

In the minimum wage bill, for instance, the President asked for an increase in the legal minimum from 75 cents to 90 cents an hour. The Democrats boosted it to a dollar, and the Republicans — including the President — went along. Again on social security, it was the Democrats who steered a bill extending the benefits through the House; former HEW Secretary Hobby contented herself with remarking that it would cost too much and urging further study of the matter. Granted that a titular Democrat—Sen. Harry F. Byrd (D, Va.)—was directly responsible for bottling up the bill in Committee and thereby killing its chances of passage for this session, still this was in accord with Administration wishes. Likewise, the $20 cut in personal income taxes proposed by Democrats was rejected by Congress in deference to the President's opposition.

If Mr. Eisenhower got nowhere with his health reinsurance scheme, it was more because he was bucking the American Medical Association—which, true to form, labeled it "socialized medicine"—than because he was bucking the Democrats. They merely pointed out that the plan was vague and totally inadequate. Similarly, before the Republicans damn the Democrats for choking off the school construction bill, they should look to the anti-federal aid doctrinaires in their own ranks. It may be irresistible for them to point to the NAACP as the villain here, frightening off middle-of-the-roaders with its demands for a racial integration amendment; but again it was the Democrats who came up with a bigger and more direct education bill to replace the President's scheme for financing school construction by the issuance of bonds—a scheme that educators opposed unanimously. The Administration remained unmoved while the Democratic measure languished in the Rules Committee.

The unhappy fate of the housing bill in the House of Representatives marks a real Administration triumph. The President originally asked for a modest 35,000 low-cost units a year for two years. Democrats in the Senate improved on this, voting to provide a total of 380,000 units over an indefinite period, with a minimum of 85,000 and a maximum of 200,000 new homes a year. The House, sparked by Rep. Jesse Wolcott (R, Mich.), killed all public housing. As we

"You sure that cloud will hold both of us?"

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go to press, a Senate-House conference committee has agreed on 45,000 units as the goal for next year.

The highway story is much the same. The President proposed a 10-year $39.1 billion federal-state road program, most of the money—as with the school construction proposal—to be raised by bonds which would, by some miracle of modern accounting, not be figured in the national debt. House Democrats transformed this into a 13-year $50.3 billion program; for the bond issue they substituted increased taxes on those who use the roads the most. Lobbyists for the trucking companies—unnerved by such a costly prospect—thronged the corridors and galleries of the House before the vote. An estimated 100,000 telegrams were delivered to the Capitol opposing the taxes on road users. The campaign was triumphant, and the Democratic plan went down in a stunning, lop-sided vote. Only 29 Republicans supported the highway measure in the final test.

Upon inspection then, the craft that is intended to transport the GOP to the clouds of Foreverland seems kind of flimsy.

Reward for D'Ewart

By the time this issue appears former Rep. Wesley A. D'Ewart (R, Mont.) may be the new Assistant Secretary of Interior in charge of Lands and Reclamation. In this post, among other things, Mr. D'Ewart would have in his care the Bureau of Land Management. The former Congressman has had some experience in handling land. In 1953, he tried hard to hand over the national forests to stockmen by introducing a bill which would have given a few cattle-owners a monopoly on grazing privilege rights which they could then sell or lease at will to less-privileged ranchers. D'Ewart's bill would also have deprived the US Forest Service of practical control over the public grazing lands. Small stockmen, conservationists, hunters, fishermen, vacationers and entire communities which depend for water supplies on the protection of the watershed united to defeat the D'Ewart proposal.

In 1954, D'Ewart attempted some more land managing, this time on behalf of the Ellsworth Timber Exchange Bill, a measure frankly intended to open up the national forests to commercial lumbermen, by entitling them to select choice lands instead of money payment as compensation when the government takes over property for flood control or irrigation projects. Despite Mr. D'Ewart's exertions as floor manager, the bill was recommitted by a very heavy vote.

On the strength of such a record, the Congressman decided to run for the Senate in 1954 against James Murray (D, Mont.). He lost, after conducting a malodorous campaign which employed the services of Harvey Matusow. As a consolation prize, Mr. D'Ewart was given the job of Congressional liaison man for Secretary Benson's Department of Agriculture. It is no secret around the Capitol that Montana's Senators Murray and Mansfield were disappointed that the liaison job did not require Senatorial confirmation. Mr. D'Ewart's new post, under Interior Secretary McKay (who described D'Ewart's grazing legislation as "a lousy bill" in 1953) does require confirmation. Senators Murray and Mansfield may have their chance after all.

Will the Atlantic Alliance Become Unhinged?

The Summit conference at Geneva marks the definitive triumph of the Atlantic Pact. By bringing Western Germany into NATO last spring the allies filled the last gap in their defenses and left Russia no alternative to peaceful co-existence.

But the New Look in Soviet policy will last just so long as the West remains united on the Communist frontiers. And the New Look in itself makes Western unity much more difficult. As the emphasis shifts from defense to disarmament, from resistance to co-existence, centrifugal tendencies will strain the Atlantic alliance. The Western governments, even if they wish to, will find it increasingly difficult to persuade their peoples to maintain the minimum strength and solidarity on which a lasting settlement with Russia will depend.

It must be admitted that, despite its achievements over the last six years, the North Atlantic Pact has little meaning for most Europeans or Americans. It is generally written off as "just a military alliance." The fact that it has saved us and our children from a third world war somehow fails to catch the imagination. And even the basic conditions of its military effectiveness are little understood by the peoples whose security it guarantees.

For this reason some of us on both sides of the Atlantic have long felt that it is necessary to associate our Parliaments directly with the work of NATO. Though there is already a bewildering number of international parliamentary assemblies in Europe, there is as yet no body in which US Congressmen can meet their European colleagues on an equal footing to discuss the common problems they must deal with nationally. Considering the unique role which American Congressmen play in the formation of US foreign policy, this has been a dangerous weakness. That is why the discussions of 190 members of all the NATO Parliaments in Paris at the same time as the Heads of State met in Geneva may, in the long run, prove even more important than Geneva.

In some ways the Paris assembly was curiously tentative and perfunctory. Nearly all of the three days general debate was taken in deciding whether and in what form further meetings should be held. The date alone prevented any American Senators from attending, and the French delegation was drawn mainly from the "anti-European" sections of the National Assembly. Though financed by government funds and staffed by the NATO secretariat it was considered unofficial by the NATO Council. But with more careful preparation, a more convenient date, and a less suspicious attitude in the NATO Council next year's meeting should have an impact on public opinion which was scarcely sought this year.

There is no present intention to seek special powers or functions for this assembly inside the governmental machinery of NATO. But personal contact by parliamentarians with the work of the alliance and with one another will greatly reinforce Atlantic solidarity. A free exchange of views on the major problems could give the assembly great importance as a sounding board. And it is not cynical to suggest that by giving a growing number of parliamentarians a vested personal interest in NATO such an Atlantic Assembly will do much to counter the centrifugal tendencies inevitable if international tension is relaxed.

London DENIS HEALEY, M.P.

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Adlai Stevenson's Role

The proposal by the *Providence Journal's* Washington correspondent, Frederic W. Collins ("How Adlai Stevenson Can Lead the Democrats," *NR*, July 25) set off fireworks of protest and approval. Mr. Collins suggested that the titular head of the Democratic Party become its leader in fact, as well as in name. Additional comment from political scientists and practical politicians will appear in subsequent issues.

Gerald W. Johnson:

THE POLITICAL taxidermists are already assembling the cotton batting and camphor and taking the measurements of Adlai E. Stevenson. Their logic is simple, but cogent. A refusal to run against Eisenhower in 1956 would brand Stevenson as yellow and finish him politically. If he consents to run he will be licked, and under the traditional treatment of the twice defeated his destiny is to be stuffed and mounted in the Museum of Natural History alongside the hides of Dewey and Bryan.

Of course the boys could be wrong. They laid out the tools for Truman in 1948, but it was not on him that they used them. Yet the mere possibility that they may be right involves a waste by which earnest souls are appalled. Stevenson is a man of such extraordinary endowments that he lifted the campaign of 1952 to a level of intelligent debate rarely if ever touched before in Presidential campaigns. It is a rare type, that could be immensely useful in politics, and to see a specimen at the top of his intellectual and physical powers relegated to the showcase for extinct species is deplorable. So the theorists are busily devising schemes to salvage a first-rate man whose party has been defeated.

One of the best of these is without doubt the proposal advanced by Frederic W. Collins in this magazine recently. It is as clear, logical, eloquent and persuasive as John Locke's *Fundamental Constitutions* which were designed to give a perfect government to the Carolinas, but I fear that it is as little adapted to the conditions that exist.

Mr. Collins' argument in brief—and distorted by compression, I admit—is that Stevenson by going briskly to work as the actual, not merely the titular leader of the Democratic Party, very soon would become the actual leader. In so doing he would set a precedent certain to be followed; and the outcome might be to give us at all times an opposition with an accredited spokesman who could formulate a coherent policy, to the great improvement of public affairs.

It is my opinion that this is not only perfectly true, but has been demonstrated at least four times in our political history; but it is also my opinion that it is irrelevant because the individual concerned, Adlai E. Stevenson, is at present as incapable of doing it as he is of leaping over the moon. It is not for lack of intellectual capacity or moral integrity, for he has both. It is not for lack of human warmth, for no man in public life has more, or more devoted friends. It is not for lack of wisdom; on the contrary, it is for lack of a peculiar kind of folly that seems to be essential to the making of a great leader of the opposition.

The actual, as distinguished from the titular leader of the opposition may or may not hold a lesser office than the Presidency, but he is the man who must be consulted before the party commits itself to any important policy. Usually he is a man rising to the Presidency, but at least four defeated aspirants have been effective leaders of the opposition. They were Alexander Hamilton, Henry Clay, William Jennings Bryan and Theodore Roosevelt. Can you see Adlai E. Stevenson in that gallery? I cannot.

His incubus is a humorous devil that rides him like an Old Man of the Sea and that will not allow him to suspect for a moment that he is God, or even let him believe with any consistency that he is God's cousin. No such uncertainty harassed any of the four great opposition leaders mentioned; to a man they stood at Armageddon and battled for the Lord. All who opposed them were of necessity opposing the Lord, and were to be put to the sword regardless of age, sex, general debility or previous condition of servitude.

Can you imagine Adlai Stevenson seriously contemplating making Aaron Burr President of the United States? Or actually making Old Tippecanoe President? Or raising a mere monetary policy to the moral level of the Passion and equating prohibition with religion? Or plotting, even before the Geneva Conference, to wreck any agreement that Eisenhower might bring back?

It is unthinkable. Cromwell's advice to the Scotch Presbyterians, "Pray God to show you that it is possible for you to be mistaken," has taken root in his mind,

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and while it is profound wisdom, it is not the stuff of which great opposition leaders are made. The secret of their strength is not moral integrity, but moral certainty—a quality conspicuously lacking in Lincoln, who had the two traits incompatible with it, wisdom and humor.

Lincoln did, indeed, win the Presidency, not because he had a diciplined phalanx behind him but because he was profoundly angry and profoundly alarmed. People failed to understand this because his emotional tension commonly burst in a shower of wit instead of a blast of vituperation, but the fury was there, a besom of destruction.

As of this moment I am not disposed to heap scorn upon the preparations of the taxidermists. As of this moment I do not believe that Stevenson is either mad enough or scared enough to win against Eisenhower, and if the election were tomorrow I would not risk a nickel on his chances. But the election is still 16 months ahead, and the accelerating revelations of raids on the national heritage of liberty as well as property are progressively arousing both anger and alarm among the informed. If Stevenson is not thoroughly angry and thoroughly alarmed by the time the convention meets, then the Democrats should choose another candidate; but if he is, well, hold your hats, gentlemen, and brace yourselves for the curves!

Some people who will not disagree with this diagnosis still argue that while it may be true it ought not to be. Mr. Collins, for instance, argues that a disciplined opposition with a coherent program would make for better government. It is a logical assumption, but it disregards certain inevitable losses that might add up to more than the probable gain.

For the party in opposition to be rigidly disciplined under a recognized leader committed to a definite program would make for precision, but would it not also make for splinter parties? The prime objective of the electoral system is not equal and exact justice. It is a government capable of managing public business in an orderly, decisive and efficient fashion. The experience of many European countries shows that the multi-party system tends to defeat that objective. It is charged against the two-party system that it may be manipulated so as to defeat the will of the people; but the will of the people is, first, that government shall exist and function, and only afterward that it shall function according to the will of the majority; and a threat to the first desire is worse than a threat to the second.

The party in office holds together if only by "the cohesive power of public plunder" and is subject to a measure of internal discipline. The natural outlet for discontent is the party in opposition; and in measure as it, too, is rigidly disciplined discontent will have no outlet save by the formation of splinter parties.

If the sole reason for being of the Democratic Party is to win the next election, then its need for an acknowledged leader committed to a definite program is obvious. But there are those who hold that the most important function of the opposition party is to promote the ferment of ideas, which is best achieved under rather lax discipline.

I therefore question the value of making the titular leader of the defeated party an actual leader between elections; and specifically I question the value of making Stevenson the actual leader of the Democratic Party until both his rage and his fright have been augmented. But that, I am happy to believe, is proceeding rapidly.

Paul T. David:

Editor of Presidential Nominating Politics in 1952 and Director of Governmental Studies for the Brookings Institution.

MR. COLLINS' suggested plan bears a strong family resemblance to proposals backed by Richard Neuberger, Prof. Norton Long, myself and others since 1952.

The novel and possibly constructive feature in Mr. Collins' proposal is the suggestion that, without awaiting an invitation that may never come, Adlai Stevenson simply move to Washington and start operating. This will be an interesting experiment if it occurs, and one that might have a substantial influence on the evolution of the party system, whatever it does to the Stevenson prospects.

I do have to disagree most strongly, however, with the proposals that Mr Collins makes in his last paragraph. My guess is that a convention to replace an unsatisfactory leader would come much too soon if held within a few months of the election in which the party suffered defeat. My general preference would be for the spring of the mid-term election year, a preference shared by Norton Long in an *Antioch Review* article. In any event, I do not see how the "sweat and frenzy" of the quadrennial conventions will be eliminated by having them more often, and I would certainly be opposed to the implied notion that eventually a defeated candidate might be allowed to keep the leadership until he dies and then hand it on in the fashion of an hereditary monarchy. Mr. Collins will doubtless say that no idea could be farther from his thought—but he suggests three successive and consecutive nominations as a reasonable possibility. And just how does he get away from the sweat and frenzy if he proposes to have a real contest over the leadership succession at some particular point in time?

Mrs. Martha Ragland:

Democratic National Committeewoman for Tennessee.

"WHAT Adlai Stevenson Can Do" by Frederic W. Collins is one of the most astonishing articles I have ever read, if it is intended to be taken seriously. It might have been written by a man from Mars who had learned something of the way we do things but had no real understanding of American politics.

I have one over-all criticism of Mr. Collins' proposal: It is contrary to the fundamental principle of democratic politics, that there must be kept open at all times the market place of ideas. Democracy requires diversified leadership, competing and contributing to our national stock of ideas and of leaders. The "single leader"—"single voice" system for the party out of power would cut off these democratic wellsprings.

Mr. Collins seems actually to be opposed to political competition within a party, both in the realm of ideas and between potential leaders. His idea of once the nominee, always the nominee, has only one virtue—it is not hackneyed.

He says that the "Stevenson system" which he proposes would eliminate "the useless procedure of shopping around . . . in the four-year interval, which is the basic reason why the party remains weak while out." This "shopping around" is the very life blood of the party. And incidentally the Democratic Party is not weak. Since 1952 it has won control of both Houses of Congress, has

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picked up nine new governorships and lost none. In 1954 it lost 5 seats in state legislatures, and picked up 500.

Mr. Collins seems to think that any move to tighten up the party organization is automatically good. "The necessity is that a party have at all times a single leader," he says. This would promote ". . . a better-organized criticism of the performance of the government in power, all to the public good." Not at all. It is far more "to the public good" to have widespread, unorganized criticism.

It is time enough to resolve our differences and arrive at a common denominator of agreement when we get to the convention We can do this in drafting the platform and in choosing our candidates. But I can't see the Democrats looking to a "single voice" to tell us what is wrong with the Eisenhower Administration. When Mr. Collins says that the party "might conceivably be greatly relieved to have its mind made up for it," he really, quite embarrassingly, just doesn't know what he is talking about.

"He [Stevenson] could throw a rein on the national committee headquarters staff" who Mr. Collins complains "plod along . . . under the dreary legend 'Our function is not to select, but to elect'." This is the first time I ever heard this theory questioned. The more usual criticism is that they deviate flagrantly from this policy, giving Stevenson the featured spot at practically every large Democratic rally the national committee sponsors, giving him most of the free Democratic radio and television time, and sending out mountains of mimeographed copies of all his speeches. If any "rein" is thrown on the national committee headquarters it should be in the direction of making a reality of the professed theory of neutrality.

Mr. Collins says that if Congress objected to the "single leader" system "Where would be their single voice to be raised in challenge?" My impression of Congress is that they wouldn't need a "single voice" to make their position on such a system crystal clear. "It would be risky [for Congressmen] to oppose him [Stevenson] because he might get elected," says Mr. Collins in one of the low points of his article. When we become so motivated in our political behavior, we can start framing the epitaph for this experiment in free government. Fortunately there seems little indication that Congressmen are afraid to talk.

Mr. Collins' view of Congressmen is clear enough "The Congressional leaders have by default," he says, "become the formulators of party policy for the 'outs' and in the nature of things and of Congressmen, incoherence has been the result." This is a fantastic charge, and somehow dated. It might have been a line from *Of Thee I Sing*. It has nothing to do with the hard-working, conscientious, intelligent Democrats in Congress who are setting new high standards for the opposition party.

Mr. Collins' crowning argument "saved for the last," he says, is that the "Stevenson plan" would eliminate the "quadrennial circuses of sweat and frenzy known as the national nominating conventions." It is clear that Mr. Collins just doesn't like the rough and tumble of American politics. It is fortunate he doesn't live in Tennessee, where the state version is somewhat more rugged than the national counterpart.

As to the national conventions, of course, they need to be overhauled. That was apparent to every television viewer in 1952. But they need to be overhauled, not eliminated. They must be overhauled in the direction of fostering more deliberative procedures, less planned confusion and less inside manipulation.

The "tight rein" that Mr. Collins admires so much, is a political liability these days to any party shortsighted enough to allow it. Stevenson was a good choice in 1952, but both he and the party suffered from the nature of his nomination. Since he already has this handicap of having been a handpicked choice in 1952, it is unfortunate for him that Mr. Collins proposes this "Stevenson system" that is so contrary to the American political tradition and so congenitally uncongenial to the freewheeling Democratic Party.

Henry S. Reuss:

United States Representative from the Fifth District (Milwaukee County) of Wisconsin.

IT IS LAMENTABLY true, as Mr. Collins suggests, that the Democratic opposition lacks a coherent line. The bitterest mail I receive from my constituents is that which criticizes the inadequacies of Democratic criticism.

This is an especially sad state of affairs, because Democrats in Congress are more cohesive today than for many years. But this cohesiveness has not produced a coherent and properly-timed attack, not on the Administration's professions, which are noble, but on the Administration's performance, which in areas as widely separated as conservation and small business, as immigration and Salk vaccine, as farm policy and housing, is deplorable.

The problem is how to bring it about so that the Democrats speak with one voice. One shouldn't be too hard on the Democrats. After all, the Republicans, with the extraordinary institution of the Presidency at their disposal, now speak with many voices.

This suggests that what is needed to produce Democratic leadership is not necessarily a constitutional change, such as giving the defeated candidate for President a seat in Congress, but a change in the use we make of existing institutions, such as the Congress, the national convention, the National Committee, and the position of the titular leader of the party. All these institutions might function better if one man were acknowledged as the real as well as the titular leader of the Democratic Party.

How can that be achieved? I suggest that Governor Stevenson forthwith move to Washington where he can meet regularly and often with the Democratic members of Congress. Reinforced by this continuous contact with his party's policy-makers, Governor Stevenson could speak with greater authority and effectiveness. As opposition party spokesman, he could to some extent offset the president's powerful advantage in the communication media of the nation.

While Governor Stevenson's moving to Washington would give him an added advantage in the struggle for the Presidential nomination, this stabilizing of leadership would not necessarily create a permanent ruling group or individual within the party. The institution of the national convention, and the primaries leading up to it, would still remain to designate the party leader and to afford other aspirants the opportunity to compete for the support of the party's leaders.

And what will the Democratic members of Congress think of all this? A few may regard it as a threat to the notion of the independent Congressman, answerable only to his own constituency. But the move to Washington would be

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a recognition of the function of the Democratic legislators as the policy-makers of the party.

A further few might view Mr. Stevenson's position in Washington as a threat to their own political and social philosophies. But their views are generally out of harmony with the large majority of the Democratic membership in Congress anyway.

Finally, a few might object that the proposal would strengthen Mr. Stevenson's position in the race for the Presidential nomination. Probably it would. But this seems a small price to pay for filling a vacuum in our political life.

If and when Governor Stevenson *does* decide to try to fill the vacuum, he will, of course, lose that disengagement from the hurly-burly of daily political life which many believe helps to keep a Presidential candidate available. A Senator or Congressman is a poor risk as a Presidential candidate, so the theory runs, because for every issue on which he commits himself, he alienates another bloc of voters. And a Party Leader who talks like a Senator would be in the same boat.

But I suspect the theory may be wrong. I suspect that the public nowadays prefers forthrightness to pussy-footing. And so I hope that some day before the snow flies, Adlai will move to Washington.

Richardson Dilworth:

District Attorney for the City of Philadelphia and Democratic candidate for Mayor in 1947 and Governor of Pennsylvania in 1950.

I THINK Governor Stevenson could be more effective if he were to establish the type of positive leadership recommended. However, he is faced with the problem that such tactics would unquestionably antagonize the very powerful political forces in Congress. The members of Congress who represent the party out of power have always regarded themselves as the spokesmen for the party, and certainly would not give up that role without a bitter struggle.

In such a struggle it seems to me the members of Congress hold most of the cards, and I doubt if anyone but a man of tremendous stature can ever wrest from the Congress, in off years, the leadership of the party.

Jonathan Daniels:

Editor of the Raleigh, North Carolina, News & Observer and Democratic National Committeeman from North Carolina.

NO NATIONAL party in its right mind, I think, would be willing to name the man it hopes to win with in an election four years before the election takes place Also, despite the disdain of the erudite and the orderly, I suspect that the politicians and the people enjoy those "quadrennial circuses of sweat and frenzy known as the national nominating conventions." I do.

We are a people who operate much on the basis of folklore rather than documents. Also, I doubt that we will ever be as neat as the political scientists would wish.

All in all, I take a rather dim view of this bright idea.

Oscar Ewing:

Attorney, former Vice- Chairman of the Democratic National Committee and Federal Security Administrator.

MR. COLLINS points up a real weakness in our American political party organization. Certainly a way should be devised to enable a defeated Presidential candidate to exercise some leadership in his party during the four years following his defeat rather than consign him to political oblivion, as we now do.

But there are several objections to remedying this situation as Mr. Collins suggests by having a party, immediately after its defeat, formally convene and select *the defeated candidate* not only as its leader during the next four years but also as its candidate for President four years hence. In the first place, it would be most unwise to choose a Presidential candidate four years before even the issues of the election are known. Furthermore, by the time the four years before the next campaign have rolled around stronger candidates may have developed. Under Mr. Collins' proposal the party would have foreclosed itself from nominating any one of them. As a matter of fact, had the Republican Party been ruled by Mr Collins' suggestion during the past 30 years, Herbert Hoover would still be the Republican Party's perpetual candidate for President!

It seems to me there is a much less objectionable way to strengthen a defeated candidate's position in his party. The national convention of a party is its supreme governing body. Every quadrennial national convention adopts a resolution creating a National Committee and authorizing it to conduct the party's affairs up until the close of the next party convention. There is no reason why a convention cannot also adopt a resolution creating, say, a Management Committee. (I do not call it a "Policy" committee because national conventions are very jealous of their exclusive right to determine policy.) The resolution would make the Presidential candidate, whether elected or defeated, the Chairman of the Management Committee. The other members of the committee should be the party leader in the Senate, the party leader in the House, the Chairman of the National Committee and such other members as the Chairman of the Management Committee may select. He should be empowered to designate the Chairman of the National Committee, who should be subject to his direction and control. The National Committee should not be abolished because it has acquired certain status under the laws of various states and it should continue its functions regarding patronage, fund raising, publicity, campaign activities, etc. These are matters which should not be the direct responsibility of a Presidential candidate, victorious or defeated. The Management Committee should take over all research activities and should be adequately staffed to enable its Chairman to work effectively.

The suggestion here made might not completely solve the problem Mr. Collins discusses. It would, however, give a defeated Presidential candidate an active party status and create a mechanism for his keeping in continual contact with his party's leaders in both houses of Congress. Such a Management Committee might prove extremely useful in case of victory as it would enable the President, the Chairman of the National Committee, and the party leaders in the Senate and House to discuss party matters together. This is not the case today as the Chairman of the National Committee is rarely brought into such a conference. Meetings of the Management Committee could be of great value to a President and to the party leaders in Congress since discussion in such a meeting can do much to clear up thinking on important issues.

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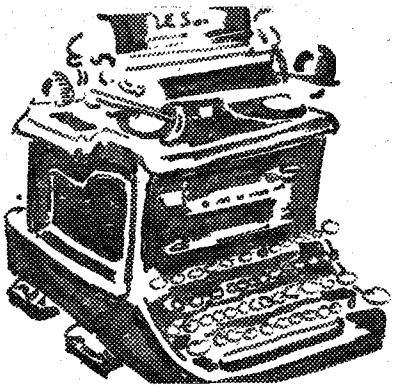

How the Press Covered Geneva

by Michael Straight

Geneva, July 24

THE radio was playing the saddest *Sinfonia Concertante* of Mozart as I packed my bags this afternoon. Overcome with nostalgia, at the end of a week without sleep, I wandered back to the *Hotel du Rhone* for a last look around. There the swans rode still upon the blue torrent where Lac Leman emptied into the headwaters of the river. And there, in the dining room, was the red leather chair on which the immaculate Billy Graham came to rest in the mornings, to masticate prunes and review with his manager the financial details of his latest contract. These monuments remained, but all else was gone. The heavy-set FBI youths no longer strolled outside in their open shirts. And William Randolph Hearst Jr. no longer held his customary corner at the bar. In place of the familiar figures a new crowd of tourists crowded around American Express, already well established and demanding from its weary clerks the latest routes onward from Geneva to Zurich and Lucerne. It was hard to believe that until today the American contingent at the Conference—nine delegates, seven assistants, 50 reporters and 450 bodyguards and secretaries—had during one memorable week at the *Hotel du Rhone,* kept the rumors flying and the gin-and-tonics flowing.

Don't kill it, let it grow was the password at the *du Rhone.* And the rumors grew in the lustiest way. Sitting on the porch you could whip up a sensational dispatch from Geneva, based upon what French sources reported to be Soviet intelligence on the German reaction to a proposal that the British Prime Minister had not yet made. And more than one such dispatch, raised to full stature at the *du Rhone,* went rattling around the world on the white tape of Press Wireless.

At midnight at the *du Rhone* the bar closed, the lights went out, the rumors began to sink of their own weight. Then wise correspondents wandered up to bed. Soon the time came for the mile walk down the lake front to my own hotel. It was a mile ambushed with sidewalk cafes, where the reporters of other nations lay in wait, heavily armed with new rumors, and eager to argue until the morning's coffee and croissants arrived. They varied from Indonesians fired by logical positivism to Bevanites prophesying doom, and they shared a common compulsion to talk. In the rare moments when they paused for breath a small sound intruded on the sudden stillness—the faint pecking noise of typewriters from rooms far up in the night, where reporters with early deadlines worked on until dawn.

The French reporters were briefed continually and with dramatic gestures by Jacques Duhamel, Secretary to the cabinet of Premier Faure. They seemed better informed than the Foreign Ministers themselves. The British reporters were not reporters at all, but Our Diplomatic Correspondents and Our Special Representatives, as far as the great institutions of British publishing were concerned. They were, of course, treated by the Foreign Office with the respect that their status deserved. It was the American Government, ironically, which remained faithful to Sir Winston Churchill's view that newspapermen should be prohibited from swarming all over the Summit. Accordingly the American journalists, with the most to report, had the leanest time of all. Charles Bohlen and Llewellyn Thompson, the two senior diplomats in the American delegation, wisely begged off the burden of briefing the reporters on the grounds that it would be inconsistent with their ambassadorial roles. James Hagerty, on whom the burden descended, was a good police reporter who conceded that in the labyrinth of Geneva he was lost from the start. There were, of course, midnight sessions with more experienced advisers. But from these, the American reporters emerged more frequently exasperated than enlightened. Between the sessions and the evening feasts, and once again between the feasts and the early hours spent in dictating reports to Washington, the wise men of the American delegation paused briefly under the parasols on the porch of the *Hotel du Rhone.* But the hints that they dropped among the small talk were of the most cryptic kind.

Under these circumstances the American press struggled along as best it could. The old timers, Frederick Kuh and Edgar Mowrer mixed with Pertinax, Madame Tabouis and other specters risen from the thirties. Less experienced international reporters: Fred Collins of the *Providence Journal,* Martin Hayden of the *Detroit News,* Nat Finney of the *Buffalo Evening News,* Arthur Sylvester of the *Newark News* and Richard Wilson of the Cowles papers compared notes on the separate briefings

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with painstaking concern for details. Drew Pearson resorted to a series of flashbacks from the past. The well-knit staff of the *New York Times* combined boldness and responsibility. The *Herald Tribune,* true to its objective of scooping the *Times* on the week's big event, sent a far larger staff and frequently tripped over itself. Paul Ward sent a series of masterly reports to the *Baltimore Sun* and Westbrook Pegler, who signed in on the opening day was never seen again.

At mid-mornings with many sighs, the working press left the *du Rhone* for the *Maison de la Presse,* the old stone parliament now lined with yellow Celotex, whose central features were a bulletin board and a bar. There the reporters drank *Canadas* and *Cocas* and worse, until, at 1:30 and 7:30, the briefings by the few press officers began.

The American briefings were in the basement of the old building, where faded photographs of the Swiss national guard hung on the walls. There, with engaging frankness, Hagerty told all that he knew and that did not take very long. There was in fact one memorable moment on the first day, when Hagerty referred to a meeting by "Bulganin, Zhukov and—ah—what's his name . . . you know the one I mean . . . yes! . . . that's the fellow! . . . Khrushchev!"

On the other side of the cellar, Sir George Young of the Foreign Office tapped a cigarette on an ash tray and answered wearily, "I suppose they'll have to," when reporters asked if the Big Four would soon meet again. "What of the jolly old atmosphere?" cried one of Our Diplomatic Correspondents, close to despair when all other attempts to draw confidences from Sir George proved unavailing. "It was jolly," said Sir George drily. He then withdrew his remark describing it as "facetious." "Cordial," he said would be a better approximation.

Upstairs, in a cold stone chamber, Leonid Ilychev, the Soviet briefing officer, presented his report. He was a candidate-member of the Central Committee of the Communist Party of the USSR, a hard and chunky man. His two assistants scribbled nervously as he spoke and then presented translations, of which the English was, if anything, harder to follow than the Russian. Ilychev did not move the single microphone toward them, but allowed them to lean across him until their heads were almost lying upon the table. He listened, cocking his head with a wry smile, mopping the sweat from his forehead and stroking the underside of his nose with his thumb.

The opening day of the conference was the longest, the hottest, the most newsworthy. By 8:30 that evening, the text of all the opening speeches save Bulganin's were in the hands of the reporters, and deadlines were closing in with the approaching nightfall. In well-stacked piles the translations of Bulganin's speech were brought to Ilychev's briefing and held, well guarded, while he spoke. The reporters, wilting in the heat and more desperate with each passing minute, stared at the platform like famished dogs. The burning floodlights added to the heat of the day. But Ilychev droned on. He spoke one long and cumbrous sentence after another, and each was translated into English and French. He paused to pour himself a glass of water, holding it up against the floodlights before he sipped it. He seemed, in his grim way, to be enjoying his encounter with the capitalist press. Only a few of us, very close to him, could see the tremble in his hands as he lit one cigarette after another, and the tightness of his throat.

At last he came to an end and the roomful of a thousand reporters pressed forward. But Ilychev held them back. He spoke again in Russian, and the nervous translator announced that Mr. Ilychev had expected questions and hearing none, found himself surprised and even shocked. There was a low groan in the crowd of reporters and then to everyone's horror a Byronic figure in an open shirt arose in the middle of the room. "I have a question!" the young man announced pleasantly, in response to Mr. Ilychev's invitation and when the murmur rose he shouted, "I HAVE A QUESTION!" Mr. Ilychev nodded approvingly, and with a fixed smile, the young man first explained his question. "It is a friendly question to my friend Mr. Ilychev," he said. "Forcrissake," the crowd growled, and the young man's smile became a little agonized. "I am a friend of many languages!" he cried, "But I should like on this important matter to inquire of my friend Mr. Ilychev whether he does not agree with me that one international language would be better. You see I. . . . "

But no more was heard of this constructive contribution to the Geneva conference. Starting in the back of the room pandemonium broke out. The crowd became a mob and the mob rushed the platform in what *France-Soir* on the next day called *un gigantesque melee de Rugby.* Mr. Ilychev was pushed half through a Celotex wall. He fought his way back, shouting something, and heard his dutiful translator mutter ". . . civilized men!" My one desire was to get as far from the platform as possible, but this was as absurd an ambition as endeavoring to clamber onto it. My shirt was torn, my foot was trampled by a maddened journalist. I protested weakly and he cried in an interesting accent, "whose foot do you think that is—your own?"

From these *gigantesques melees,* the survivors sorted themselves out at last and went their ways. French and Italian journalists rushed for telephones. Our Diplomatic Correspondents walked hurriedly after them. Asian and Yugoslav reporters resumed their unhurried task of spreading out the previous day's newspapers and carefully underlining certain phrases in blue ink. The Americans dashed out to the taxicabs that looked like little beetles and crammed into them shouting *"du Rhone!"*

Here we learned once more that the citizens of Geneva were unmoved by the great events that gripped us. The

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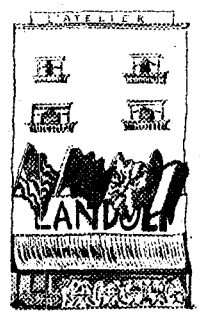
taxi drivers felt no pressure from deadlines in Minneapolis.

To the Swiss, the Summit meeting was one more conference. When Bulganin caused a deadlock, headlines in other nations were blackened. The billboards of Swiss papers posed more lasting questions such as: *Parents, are you to blame?* and *The Church; why does it oppose artificial insemination?* In the same manner, the waiters in restaurants held with Molotovian tenacity to their own pace. They constituted a major hazard for reporters like Michel Gordey of *France-Soir,* compelled to satisfy the endless appetite for copy of his publisher, Pierre Lazareff. Gordey and I sat in Landolts, the restaurant whose upper-stories had been the headquarters of the Bolsheviks during Lenin's exile in Switzerland, and the waiter ambled around, deaf to his pleas. "The Swiss are a clever race!" cried Gordey. "They enslave the world with their watches and they themselves don't know the meaning of time!"

For myself, free of deadlines, the slow pace of the waiters came as a blessing, for it enabled me to sit for two hours at Landolts with a Soviet spokesman whom I found intelligent, informal, sophisticated and well informed. He spoke easily of the limited role of the military in the Soviet regime. He chided me gently for the articles written by the newspapermen who had been given the first passports to journey through the USSR. "They lectured us on the evils of Communism," he said. "It never occurred to them that right or wrong it is our system to which we have given our lives." "Did they really suppose," he added, laughing, "that we would get down on our knees and agree that we'd made a dreadful mistake!"



I was distrustful at Geneva of the view that the H-bomb had brought about the change in Soviet attitudes. For this implied a kind of conversion that I could not picture in doctrinaire Marxist minds. With this my Soviet acquaintance agreed. "There is no change," he reflected, "only a bilateral development which results from the ending of two wars, and which on your side includes the decline of your excessive and somewhat stupid fears."

"In 1946," he continued, "Stalin declared that we needed 16 years to build our coal, our iron, our steel. Aha! your journalists cried, Stalin is saying that in 16 years a plane will take off one night and drop a bomb on Washington! Their reaction is one that we cannot comprehend. Why should we work all-out for 16 years in order to have another war, and more destruction followed by 16 more years of working our way back?"

"To you," he added some time later, "the Soviet Union seems one country pressing outwards. To me it is a universe—joined now to a second universe in China. We have immense internal tasks in developing and using our resources. That is why we are here."

Throughout the first three days of the conference, the Russians showed great amiableness. On Thursday at the *Maison de la Presse*, however, the Russians were seen no more. Kosov developed stomach trouble; Zhukov and his aides were overcome by deadlines; even Ilychev failed to turn up to brief us, for reasons that were never explained. Presumably they had to do with the Soviet delegation's concern over its defeats in the limited war of propaganda, and its reluctance to talk until new instructions from Moscow might be received. This left only Andrew Rothstein, an old Bolshevik who at that moment was travelling under Czech papers, to answer for the Kremlin, and on the matter of Ike's fly-over proposal Rothstein was speechless. That was a pity, for elsewhere reactions were surprising and strong. Traditional internationalists among the American reporters were suspicious of the plan. Paul Ward, who probably knew more about the background of the problem than Eisenhower, pointed out, in the *Baltimore Sun*, that it was old hat at the UN. But Mr. Hearst, after an uneasy moment, rallied strongly and endorsed the plan. And Fulton Lewis Jr. thought it was terrific. "It's like a hand in poker," he explained, "in which you've got deuces back to back and three aces showing while the other man has nothing at all!"

At last on Saturday, the Russians reappeared. It was Ilychev, in fact, on whom the honor of speaking the last word at Geneva fell. The hard-boiled candidate-member of the Central Committee repeated in his usual way the closing speech of Marshal Bulganin. Then he became soft spoken. "Happy landings!" he cried to the departing journalists in Russian and, in the manner of the romantic lead in a French play, he added, "May this be not farewell but adieu!" That at least was how it was translated for me by Alex Kendrick. Ilychev's own man failed more dismally than ever to translate these novel sentiments. But the journalists sensed the point and responded with a smattering of applause.

There followed the usual stampede to obtain copies of Bulganin's speech. Swept along in the mob I found myself pressed against Mayevsky, *Pravda's* American expert. To him I protested that the final Directive of the Chiefs was ambiguous on Germany, and on disarmament, more ambiguous than the statements of the two sides now permitted. Mayevsky tried to shake his finger at me, but could not disentangle his arm. So he shook his head. "You are quite wrong," he said. "Great advances have been made here. We have agreed to go on talking and that is enough."

By then I was anxious to get away. I had bet a bottle of beer with Stewart Alsop that an agreement on substance would be reached at Geneva. I was thirsty, and ready therefore to argue that I had won. Stewart was unwilling to pay up, sure that no substantial agreement had resulted. And among all the reporters at Geneva, I could find none that evening who dared to act as referee.

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LAWYERS, PSYCHIATRISTS AND CRIME—II

The Sick Men Behind Bars

by Walter Goodman

For a century the courts have been guided by very narrow criteria in deciding criminal responsibility. For a century psychiatrists have complained that these criteria are unscientific, indeed meaningless. Now the courts seem to be moving away from the old rules, toward a much broader legal definition of "insanity."

BY ALLOWING the psychiatrist to testify with relative freedom in criminal trials, the Durham decision by the Court of Appeals for the District of Columbia marks another advance in psychiatry's influence on the law.

How does the psychiatrist's view of the criminal differ from the assumptions of the court that tries him? Well, there are psychiatrists and psychiatrists. Many—those who are to be found testifying repeatedly for the prosecution under the old M'Naghten rule, which set up stringent and unrealistic criteria for the determination of insanity—hold a position close to that of many lawyers. The defendant is presumed responsible for his act if he knew what he was doing and knew that it was wrong.

At the other end of the psychiatric spectrum is Dr. Benjamin Karpman, chief psychotherapist at St. Elizabeth's Hospital in Washington, D. C., and the author of many studies on criminology. He belongs "to the small group of psychiatrists who hold that criminality is without exception symptomatic of abnormal mental states and is an expression of them." How can an individual know right from wrong, these men ask, when he does not know the difference between reality and fantasy? To pioneers in the field of what has been named Criminal Psychodynamics, the offender, even if he shows no apparent mental disturbances, is not truly responsible for his acts. This conclusion implies a need for far-reaching changes in the treatment of the wrongdoer. If criminals are products of early environmental influences in the same sense that psychotics and neurotics are, then it should be possible to reach them psychotherapeutically.

Dr. Karpman's is an extreme position; it is not widely accepted among his colleagues. But it is the result of many years of specialization in a field that is not lucrative enough to attract many psychiatrists accustomed to receiving $25 a visit in New York and Los Angeles. It is a coherent argument that points up the different approach and the different goals of the physician and the lawyer and the problems that these differences will give rise to if the psychiatrist should indeed one day replace judge and jury.

When a defendant appears in court, the major questions that the attorneys and the jurors must answer are: What is he supposed to have done? Did he do it? Let us assume he has stolen a case of Irish whisky. Then it is of the utmost importance for the prosecutors to establish whether the whisky should be considered as having a retail value of $65, which would make the offense a felony, or a wholesale value of $48, which would make it a misdemeanor. It is the same case of whisky, the same thief; but if the defense counsel can persuade the court to accept the wholesale price, he has saved his client some years in jail.

In this example our system of law seems to be satirizing itself. But the punishment must fit the crime, so the crime must be precisely defined. The law is concerned with men's actions as they affect society. If it is to be an organized system of law, there must be definitions of terms, boundaries where one set of penalties stops and another takes over. The value of the Irish whisky needs to be established.

It is at this early place in the process of bringing an offender to justice that the psychiatrist parts ways with the lawyer. The deed to the psychiatrist is only a symptom, a pale symbol of the criminal; he is concerned rather with the *doer*. *John A.* fires several shots at *William B.* with the frank intention of killing him. Unfortunately, John is a poor shot and merely punctures William's lung. He is charged with aggravated assault and is sentenced to five years in jail. If the bullet had entered William an inch to the left, John would likely have been electrocuted. This is nonsense, say the psychiatrists. When John gets out of jail in 1960 or before, he'll be the same person he was when he went in and may very well decide to have another go at William or somebody else.

Even when the lawyers turn finally to the question of why the offender committed his crime, they are still far from what interests the medical men. The defense at-

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torney may make his appeal to the unwritten law and describe picturesquely for the jurors how his client murdered a straying wife in a fit of jealousy. Or he may rely on the social consciousness of his client's peers and tell them hoarsely: "He robbed because he was poor." But lots of poor people don't rob. To the psychiatrist these surface motives are only significant—if they are significant at all—because the offender is claiming them as reasons for his act. Sometimes, indeed, there apparently is no motive, no single, specific cause comprehensible to the average juryman. In any case, contends Dr. Karpman, the real motivations rest deep in the individual and neither a policeman nor a lawyer is qualified to probe them.

HERE, for instance, is a brief history of a "normal" criminal, a 23-year-old Baltimore Negro. He was 10 when his father, an alcoholic laborer, deserted his wife and eight children. They all lived in a three-room apartment in one of Baltimore's worst slum areas. The mother was a day worker. When the boy was 13, he was sent to reform school and made very rapid progress from then on: when he was 18 he served two years for burglary; at 20 he was given three years for auto theft. When he was arrested at 23 on 46 charges of breaking and entering, three of his brothers were in various Baltimore penal institutions. Does it make any sense, Dr. Karpman asks, to treat such a person as culpable, to send him to jail and release him periodically without making any effort to help him?

Does it make any sense to rule, as a Pennsylvania court did in 1846: "However unsound in mind a man may be generally, it is only when he has lost *utterly* his power of moral perception that he ceases to be responsible in the eyes of the law."

Some years ago Dr. Karpman was asked to testify in the defendant's behalf in a murder trial. He found then how wide the gulf between the lawyer and the psychiatrist can be, even when they are presumably on the same side. A husband had come upon his wife and her lover suddenly and had killed the woman and severely injured the man. The defense attorney, properly desirous of getting his client off, wanted a psychiatrist merely to testify that the husband was so outraged by his discovery that he suffered temporary insanity and committed the unhappy deed in a moment of madness—an explanation calculated to strike a sympathetic chord in the heart of any red-blooded juror. But Dr. Karpman's interviews with the defendant convinced him that the situation had been far more complicated. The murderer, he testified, was impotent and had used his wife as a façade for masculinity. The young bride had struggled with the situation for a while, was left unsatisfied, and inevitably embarked on extra-marital adventures. The lawyer was successful in getting his client set free on the basis of the unwritten law, and Dr. Karpman's warning that the impotence which drove the defendant to murder once could easily do so again was considered as irrelevant by the court. The jury seemed puzzled by it; the lawyer was only concerned lest such an analysis hurt his case.

It is easy enough to sympathize with lawyers who become skeptical over what they consider to be far-fetched, and sometimes fantastic, analyses of a given defendant. A psychiatrist who, immediately upon taking the stand, states flatly that a man killed his wife because he had a mother fixation is inviting laughter. But the flat statement should be viewed as only the end result of many hours of interviewing and thought. Lawyers with no appreciation for psychiatric technique are too quick to accept the most superficial explanations of why a man committed a crime and to suspect any more involved explanations as just another defense gambit.

Although the defense attorney may occasionally be disturbed by the psychiatrist reaching too deep into his client's past, more often he relies heavily on expert testimony to the effect that the defendant was irresponsible at the moment he pulled the trigger. The prosecutor, on the other hand, is out to convict; he starts off with goals which are at best secondary for the psychiatrist and with premises that are simply unscientific. Sometimes he is joined by the judge, like the one in Mississippi who instructed the defendant: "The only absolute defense of insanity known in the state of Mississippi is paranoia. So if you are pleading insanity the only insanity I recognize is paranoia. This is real insanity, not just a lapse of memory or just a sudden forgetting of everything, just real insanity known as paranoia in the medical profession." To Dr. Karpman, on the contrary, no criminal is a responsible agent. Crimes are the result of unsatisfied emotional states which find an outlet in aggressive antisocial acts. These acts have the same psychic significance as neurotic symptoms.

DR. Karpman divides criminals into two main groups: psychopathic and psychogenic. The psychopath—like the Baltimore Negro—is extremely selfish, unable to make sacrifices or establish emotional ties with anyone. He has no sense of social values, no appreciation of morality or ethics. If he steals, it is for sheer gain; he prizes his loot in proportion to its value. He has neither pity nor hate for his victims; indeed he never thinks of anyone as being a victim. People and things exist solely to be of use to him. Living for the moment on a simple, primitive, animal plane, unable to defer pleasure, impulsive, conscienceless, egocentric, the psychopath is always hungry—with a hunger he can never satisfy.

The psychogenic criminal may steal too—for example, the kleptomaniac. But if he steals jewelry, he does not try to sell it; he keeps all the gems in a place where he can get at them, take them out from time to time to be enchanted, intoxicated by the sight and feel of his possessions. They have a strong emotional value for him that may go back to his early childhood. If he kills, it will be

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for unrequited love or from undischarged hate. If the psychopath kills, it will be done coldly, for sheer gain.

To judge these two very different types of criminal by the same standards is nonsensical, says Dr. Karpman. To punish either of them is futile. The psychogenic cases can be treated. Many have been treated and cured. No successful way of dealing with the psychopath—a very difficult, untrustworthy and sometimes dangerous patient—has yet been devised. Child analysts maintain that neglect and emotional privation during infancy is responsible for the establishment of psychopathic behavior. Some believe that after a child is a year or two of age, there's not much one can do about it. Still, the efforts to find an effective treatment will go on.

But whether a given criminal can be cured or not, in Dr. Karpman's eyes the District Attorney's initial separation of prisoners according to who is "sane" and who is mentally unable to assist in his own defense is unjustified. The state presumes that the criminal is sane and responsible unless an examination before the trial—frequently a very hurried examination—convinces the examiner that he is a lunatic. Dr. Karpman would turn the presumption inside out. By his rule the court would have no right to charge a criminal with having deliberately planned and executed his crime for mercenary reasons unless it can prove that *no other motive existed*—an extremely heavy burden of proof. Such a rule would, in effect, transfer supervision of the criminal from the prison warden to the hospital administrator.

As things stand now, the entire penal process works against any effective treatment of the prisoner. As soon as he is arrested he is subject to many physical and psychic insults. He is immediately made to feel that he is paying for his crime; any sense of guilt he may have had is neutralized. At the trial, he is confronted by what he may see as a relentless machine throbbing away for the sole purpose of punishing him. Again, the sentiments inspired are not remorse and penitence but a feeling of being abused, being ganged up on by an antagonistic world.

If he is convicted and sent to prison, his feelings of revolt, injustice and degradation are raised to a new pitch. The prisoner is no longer an acceptable member of the community; he has been ineradicably stigmatized. He is disciplined, made outwardly meek while the anti-social feelings for which he can find no expression seethe within him. Hatred becomes the overwhelming emotion. The fury that sweeps prison rioters along, smashing and destroying, is hatred given an outlet.

Together with the hate comes a pervasive sense of irresponsibility. Whatever the mental level of the convict, no work is provided which will enable him to express any real originality or independence. Everything is arranged and planned for him; when he attempts to act like an individual, he is punished. All of this forces an adjustment at a lower emotional and intellectual level. The work he is given is accepted as just another punishment or, at best, as a way to kill time. He must look elsewhere for his reward—to the esteem of his fellow prisoners. Cliques form; a constant spirit of intrigue poisons the air; actual brutality is the only direct outlet for his frustration. If he does not fight, the prisoner may resort to luxurious fantasies that ease the reality of his existence. Indeed he may become dependent on such fantasies and develop a "prison psychosis." He may resort to drugs. He may experiment with homosexuality.

On his discharge, the ex-convict is frequently unable to meet the demands of everyday life; he has not been trained for them. The world is hostile. To the heavy bitterness and hate nurtured by the prison is now added the deep humiliation of social ostracism. Dr. Karpman cites the case of a sex offender, deeply guilty over his past acts and relieved by analysis of the neurotic demands that had prompted them, who committed suicide when his community rejected his attempt to rejoin it in good standing. Only the criminal gang seems to hold out an open welcome, without questions. The same prison record which is a block to honest employment is an entering wedge to the gang. The offender is back where he started—one of the reasons why criminal offenses outstripped the population rate by about four to one in 1953. The climaxing irony to this bitter experience is that it may become worthless to society as well as detrimental to the individual. No one has been able to establish a connection between the severity of a punishment and the incidence of a given crime. English pickpockets used to ply their trade with particular satisfaction in the shadow of the gallows while their dupes gaped up at the swinging example to potential malefactors. The one-time offender is a rarity; the chronic repeater constitutes a serious national problem.

Punishment, then, neither reforms nor deters, but, in fact, neither reformation nor deterrence is its real goal. Karl A. Menninger, the eminent American psychiatrist, has said: "The reasons given to justify punishment do not explain why it exists. They serve only to conceal the truth, that the scheme of punishment is a barbaric system of revenge by which society tries to 'get even' with the criminal."

The parole board, humanitarian concept though it is, is incapable of deciding scientifically which prisoners should go free. Its members, who are not themselves experts and who rarely have an adequate staff or adequate funds, can be fooled by psychopaths able to adapt to almost any situation, make an excellent impression and be released only to go on a criminal rampage. Carl Austin Hall, the kidnaper and murderer of young Bobby Greenlease, was a parolee from Missouri State Prison. Not once did he show any evidence of guilt or remorse; not even when led to his execution and asked whether he was

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sorry did he express any regret. Dr. Karpman describes Hall as a likely case of primary psychopathy. He had served other sentences, had been paroled, and went on to murder.

The psychogenic—or neurotic—criminal, on the other hand, may cause a great deal of disturbance while in prison. If he imagined he was being persecuted before, now his delusions are made palpable by high walls and steel bars and armed guards. His sense of justice may be outraged, and he will probably lose his chance for parole by acting up. The psychiatrist would reverse all this. He would deny parole to the psychopath but give it to the neurotic, who would then be subject to treatment that might succeed in building something socially positive.

But this is only a partial solution. Here is what Dr. Karpman suggests as a goal:

> The parole and probation boards should consist of psychiatrists. . . . Special prisons without walls and bars, and stressing primarily rehabilitation should be built for the more harmless type of prisoner. . . . Indeed we may profit more if the entire system be turned over to psychiatrists. They certainly couldn't do any worse, and conceivably might do better.

Dr. Karpman is not wanting in case histories to bear out this contention. For example, there is the case of an intelligent young man who, some years ago, left his job as a clerk to become a door-to-door salesman. The special attraction of his new livelihood was that every now and then he would encounter a little girl at home alone. He would then talk his way into the house and rape the girl. He was caught at his work and put on trial, faced with a possible death sentence. His lawyer made a plea of insanity; the defendant was examined and it was decided that he was a mental defective. He was thereupon sent to an institution for care and treatment. Within a year he had made a "miraculous" recovery from his mental deficiency, and his lawyer got him out on a *habeas corpus* proceeding. He went back immediately to his favorite work of peddling and was soon arrested again. This time his lawyer effected a compromise with the authorities, and the young man was exported to Washington, D. C., where, he discovered to his delight, there were lots of little girls. Again he was arrested; because of his record he was transferred to St. Elizabeth's Hospital at once and came under Dr. Karpman's care. The impulse to attack little girls was traced to a number of early childhood situations and, after a course of analysis, the man was released. His subsequent behavior has been impeccable. This cost to the government of treating this man was less than $2,000. The cost of keeping him in jail and socially unproductive for 40 years would have been many times this. The cost to his father and mother, to his wife would have been immeasurable.

It is this kind of experience over 35 years which has convinced Dr. Karpman that the courts—abetted by some psychiatrists—usually manage to bungle the disposition of criminal cases. Conviction and imprisonment is the great goal. Insanity is accepted as an excuse only in its most blatant forms. Diagnoses are rushed; mistakes are inevitable. If they escape jail, men are put into institutions for the wrong reasons and released for the wrong reasons.

THE Briggs Law, passed in Massachusetts in 1921 and since emulated in several other states, is a hint at the approach that Dr. Karpman would like to see taken up elsewhere. The Massachusetts Department of Mental Disease is required to examine the mental condition of anyone indicted for a capital offense, or with a record of recidivism. The report is then made available to the court, the prosecution and the defense. It is not admissible as evidence, but it does minimize conflict between partisan experts and avoids expensive trials by using the psychiatrists primarily as impartial advisors for the edification of the court rather than as witnesses for either side.

In practice, however, even impartial examinations are conducted under less than optimum conditions. They tend to be done too hurriedly by men who could be making much more money per hour back in their own offices. Sometimes the examination takes place in a suspect's cell with a guard ostentatiously pacing the corridor just outside. Sometimes the psychiatrist must probe a man's life in a noisy, crowded common visiting room. His talks with the prisoner may be cut off after 15 minutes. Such sporadic meetings with a person who, at best, is likely to be tense, fearful, suspicious and uncommunicative are not designed to achieve sound psychiatric decisions, a failing common to the entire judicial process.

Criminals are sick, emphasizes Dr. Karpman, and they must be treated like sick men—often with very subtle symptoms—from the very beginning:

> It is no more reasonable to punish these individuals for a behavior over which they have no control than it is to punish an individual for breathing through his mouth because of enlarged adenoids, when a simple operation will remove the cause. There can be no question of responsibility where there is no evidence of conscious guilt; and there can be no question of guilt if there is in the individual a strong psychic barrier that does not allow him to see it. And though an individual may be obsessed for months with the idea of carrying out a criminal act, there can be no question of premeditation if the individual is a victim of his impulses and instincts. In the future, it is the hope of the more progressive elements in psychopathology and criminology that the guard and the jailer will be replaced by the nurse, and the judge by the psychiatrist, whose sole attempt will be to treat and cure the individual instead of merely to punish him. Then and then only can we hope to lessen, even if not entirely abolish, crime, the most costly burden that society has today.

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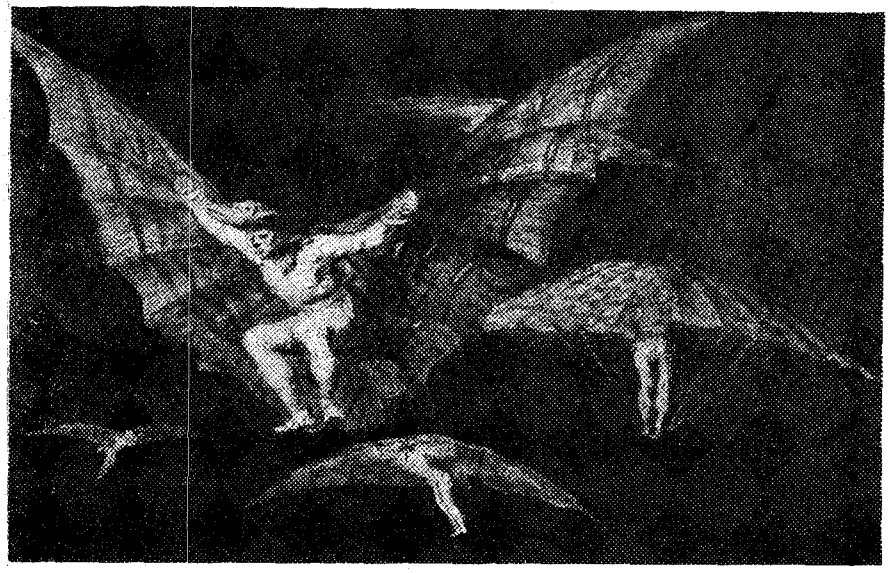

New Light on Dream-Flight by Robert Graves

EVERYONE thinks that his own dreams are the most interesting ever dreamed; but mine really are. Take last night, for instance, or rather early this morning . . . And I'm not even going to tell exactly what it was. To hold your attention and keep you from rushing off into your own absurdly dull dream-reminiscences, I shall simply make it the starting point for a short lecture on one particularly fascinating aspect of oneirology.

Well, to begin with the current theory that dreams are symbolic. That doesn't get you very far, because dreams obviously are a reflection of waking life, and waking life is symbolic, too. Every time, for instance, a suburban commuter alights at Baker Street or Charing Cross, and there penetrates the dark depths of London's clayey sub-soil, to be crammed into a closed vehicle and roaringly whirled off through a tunnel, together with countless mute, unknown fellow-travellers—Danaids and Sisyphuses—to a purgatory of hopeless labor under the shadow of Pluto's Palace, he is surely anticipating the hereafter in circumstantial symbolic detail?

Also, I don't see why that exhilarating dream of mine about finding pennies in the grass is necessarily significant of either financial anxiety or monetary greed. Whenever I visit London, I always make a point of walking across Regent's Park or St. James', choosing the parts most frequented by children, and keeping my eyes open for lost coins. It's seldom that I don't find at least a penny-half-penny, which I pocket with superstitious glee. Am I really the only one who plays that childish game? And, obviously, it hasn't much to do with my bank-account, because if I can spare the time to go searching for coppers in Regent's Park, I can equally spare the time to sit down on a bench, take out pencil and paper, and record some brilliant idea or beautiful thought which will bring me in real money.

As for the classical dream of walking naked in the street and being mocked by neighbors, that isn't necessarily symbolic of having one's intimate secrets publicly exposed. I have once or twice, in waking life, rushed out into Piccadilly wearing a stiff collar but no tie; which was metaphorically "naked"—I once heard a sergeant-major roar at a man for "coming naked on parade" because one of his breast-pocket buttons was not properly fixed in its button-hole—and caused me acute embarrassment. The point that I'm trying to make is that though all our other dreams correspond more or less closely with normal habits or activities or fears or desires or memories, one sort does not. Yes, I mean the flying-dream.

I know all the usual answers to the problems of why flying-dreams are so common. One is that they denote high blood-pressure, but this is easily disprovable. My father had high blood-pressure and dream-flew for years; I had low blood-pressure and also dream-flew for years. My blood-pressure is now normal, and yet last night. . . .

Another answer is that the flying-dream symbolizes freedom from the cares of this earth, or liberty of action in trade or profession, or scope for illicit love-making—as one might cry: "O, for the wings of a dove!" and envy the amorous pigeons flying over the roof tops. But I don't accept that answer. Dream-flying is too realistically experienced to be merely a symbol of escape, and I can detect no hint of the erotic in mine. Also, if I may be permitted to generalize from all the evidence that has come my way, the dreamer is attempting neither to fly the coop blindly, nor to attain any particular Garden of Delights. He's simply enjoying the experience of individual flight.

A third answer is that flying-dreams are inherited memories of the time when man wasn't yet a man but only a winged lizard, or something of the kind; and that the pectoral muscles which now manage our arms are titillated by the slow, deep inspiration characteristic of sleep into reminding us of how well they once managed our bat-like pinions. This theory has even less appeal to me than the others. The dreamer doesn't behave in the least like a winged lizard: wears whatever clothes he happens to be wearing, and continues to be his ordinary self, except for this new faculty. And it is always understood as a new faculty, not an old one. He exclaims to the incredulous bystanders: "Look, how easy! All you do is just to give a little spring, tilt over to an angle of sixty degrees from the vertical, and then fly!" As secure as swimming; but he goes five or six times faster and isn't conscious of using arms for wings, nor is the principle of flight necessarily seated in his shoulders. The scene below will be credibly realistic, whether he merely circles around the dining-room; some ten feet from the ground, or whether he flies low over St. Paul's and the Houses of Parliament: and certainly not Cambrian or Jurassic, or whenever it was that man last flew like a lizard.

AND another thing. When I woke up this morning and remembered that in the course of my dream I had lost confidence and temporarily forgotten the principle of flight, I realized with a shock that this sort of progression must be a human *potentiality*. Let me put it as plainly as possible: *Flying-dreams look forward to the time when we shall fly as men, not backward to the time when we flew as lizards.*

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The BEA system of aerial transport isn't flying. Planes don't come into this argument; at any rate, not directly. They have never been more than a clumsy symbolic invention. The first flying-machines had flapping wings. Then experiments were made with gliders, to find out how condors, buzzards and gulls keep in the air by lazily exploiting wind currents. But recent aircraft have shed their bird-symbolism almost completely: look more like sharks, or like dream-flying men. Aircraft are convenient for travel, I grant you, but they can never be the real answer to our problem of human flight. . . . No, the only real answer must be the power of flying through the air without artificial adjuncts, as naturally as we now walk along the ground, or swim across a river.

My conviction, in fact, is that the universality of the flying-dream, among people of both sexes and all ages, portends a radical development of man's physical nature. Don't be misled by the Darwinian theory that species evolve slowly by a process of natural selection; natural selection, with the survival of the fittest and so on, is all very well once the useful freak or sport occurs. But what *makes* the useful freak or sport? I hold with the neo-Lamarckians that every species has a collective mind, and continuously thinks how best to maintain itself; and from time to time experiments with the creation of new models. Some experiments are badly conceived, and therefore die out; others prove just the thing and become widely adopted. Well, then, the flying-dream represents a decision of our species that it is high time we learned to fly properly. Though aircraft may be held to symbolize that decision, they also indicate a perverse rationalism which keeps the principle of flight exterior to our bodily frame. The whole point of dream-flying, I repeat, is that it's individual and unmechanical and instinctive and safe.

Now, as to the practical means. You'll all agree that arms and legs have become far too useful in the course of the last few million years to be converted into wings, and that wings, if we had them, would always be getting in the way when not in use? So the next development is surely not the growth of two more limbs, which would turn man into an insect or an angel. What's that? Has someone suggested a twin-motor system developed from the pectoral muscles, which would lift one into the air at will? I don't like that idea; it smells too much of the garage. Why should we need any solid physical mechanism for flight? Has the principle not perhaps been stumbled upon by characters so different as the Flying Monk of I-forget-where—a medieval Italian, at any rate; and Mr. Home the medium, who flew out through one upper window and in through another before credible witnesses; and the first-century Indian gymnosophists, described by Philostratus, who had mastered the principle of levitation? If poltergeists, ectoplasmically controlled by unbalanced children, can toss heavy furniture about in distant rooms, a balanced adult must control enough untapped power to. . . . Yes, I do agree that Barrie was right in warning children not to fly out of the window unless Peter Pan happens to be about. Because, you see, a warning like that couldn't undermine the confidence of a child who really knew the trick, and some day a child really will know it, and then natural selection can get cracking. Meanwhile, I have reason to believe that the first dream-flyer to translate his experience into waking life, and publicly demonstrate his capacity, will be an adult not a child. But this leads up to something practical, and if you're not seriously interested. . . .

The Gray Flannel Soul

by Nora Magid

THE HERO of this midsummer's candidate for best sellerdom seems of all things to be a latter-day Dante. Tom Rath, in the middle of the journey of pursuing the American dream, finds himself unexpectedly in the dark wood where the straight way is lost. Beset with fears and doubts and unanticipated scruples, he pauses in some confusion and takes stock. His private hell turns out to be stocked with some pretty unprepossessing stereotypes, but it is debatable that he ever finds this out.

The Man in the Gray Flannel Suit, by Sloan Wilson (Simon and Schuster; $3.50.)

What he does come to discover is that where once he had a mandolin, he now has a gray flannel suit. When he had a mandolin, he was happy, but he put it behind him to go to war, and when he impulsively tries it later, a string snaps. End symbol. He can afford to relinquish this one, because there is always his wardrobe: "I'm just a man in a gray flannel suit. I must keep my suit neatly pressed like anyone else, for I'm a very respectable young man. . . . I will go to my new job, and I will be cheerful, and I will be industrious, and I will be matter-of-fact. I will keep my gray flannel suit spotless. I will have a sense of humor. I will have guts—I'm not the type to start crying now."

But the book is one long protest against the system. The remarkably diffuse plot is pegged on Rath's changing jobs. For $7,000 a year—which he equates with penury—he has been serving in some vague capacity at a foundation "which an elderly millionaire had established to help finance scientific research and the arts."

The dust jacket prudently edits Wilson's biographic note to avoid mention of the organization with which he was affiliated before turning in his own gray flannel suit for the academic gown. But it is plain that he absorbed plenty during his apprenticeship at that Rockefeller Plaza corporation which is currently proving to be a fountainhead for fiction. One can always play at the game of identifying the thinly disguised people and places within this institution where the smell of money impregnates everything like musk, and where even the receptionist has money-colored hair. Mr. Wilson is obviously at home with the tycoon and his peculiar problems, and these sections of his book are competent. But so many extraneous ingredients are tossed into the mixture for good measure, that it never has the chance to set into any kind of shape at all.

For one thing, the characterization is clumsy and top-heavy. Hopkins, the executive, is pictured on first appearance as "small, not more than five feet three or four . . . pale, slender, and partly bald. His eyes were deep set, the face narrow, and the nose short, like the nose of a child. His smile was curiously boyish. He was dressed in a brown worsted

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suit." We learn also that he is fifty, that he invariably speaks in exclamations, that he eats sparingly, and that in addition to being able to afford the ultimate liberty—he can dress tweedily—he also weighs 138 pounds, "including the towel." We get the whole clinical case history, from the beginning when the first teachers warned him to slow down, to the present peak of Horatio Algerdom. His domestic difficulties to which minute attention is paid seem irrelevant. Wilson doubtless doesn't think so, since the price of success is one of his many points; but it is irritating to have to keep stopping to consider that the monomaniac with the empty life and the toy soldiers also has a son killed in the war, a neglected and unstable wife, and a liquorish partying daughter.

Betsy, the hero's loyal wife, is a childish creature of the Claudia school, who having once insisted upon launching her marriage by acquiring a St. Bernard puppy and a blue eyed kitten as well as a spouse, proceeds for a dozen years to live by ladies' magazine rote. In times of crisis, she switches platitudes: she makes endless resolutions to rise earlier to allow for a leisurely breakfast, to put on fresh lipstick, to avoid finding out what troubles Tom—"A good wife isn't supposed to ask her husband questions he obviously doesn't want to answer."

Mr. Wilson's intrusions as omniscient commentator are many. When an irrelevant man turns up for a conference, he is described as "a tall but rather paunchy man with the oddly apt name of Potkin." When he describes the first Rath house, Wilson points out that after all they might always have had to remain there. "If Tom and Betsy had been entirely reasonable, this might have caused them to start painting the house like crazy, but it had the reverse effect." When his people are at a loss as to what to do with their hands, they light cigarettes, they mix drinks. The vast amount of stage business and the sharp and occasionally amusing dialogue lead one to wonder whether Mr. Wilson might not handle drama better than fiction.

But for all its clutter and contrivance, the book is readable. It conforms to the current formula—big business, lightly spiced with sex and a dash of wartime reminiscence. The ending is Pollyanna-cum-Freud. "I was my own disappointment. I really don't know what I was looking for when I got back from the war, but it seemed as though all I could see was a lot of bright young men in gray flannel suits running around in a frantic parade to nowhere. They seemed to me to be pursuing neither ideals nor happiness—they were pursuing a routine. For a long while I thought I was on the sidelines, watching that parade and it was quite a shock to glance down and see that I too was wearing a gray flannel suit. Then I met Caesar running an elevator. He's the one who knew about Maria—he went through most of the war with me. There was Caesar in his purple uniform, staring at me in my gray flannel suit, and reminding me, always reminding me that I was betraying almost everyone I knew."

Tom, having found himself, is to be happy because he will always tell the truth. What is more, he is to be amply rewarded for it in material terms, which certainly proves something very nice and comforting about American life. But for all his having finally got himself a job that pays well and leaves his evenings free, he is an aimless and immature young man, with no goals and no interests. For all Tom Rath's introspective tour of duty, he remains one of the hollow men.

The Workers Education Movement

by Brendan Sexton

A WIDELY circulated and accepted criticism of the American Labor movement has to do with its "failure" to develop a significant workers education program.

It is true that the trade union movement here has not created a workers education program similar to those developed and offered by the various national workers education associations in Europe.

Universities and Unions in Worker Education, by Jack Barbash (Harper; $3.50).

What is overlooked by individuals who accept this criticism, however, is the fact that our trade union movement—just as it had to develop a strategy and tactic quite different from European movements—also has had to develop workers education programs of a different type.

The sheer physical size of the country, diversity of people to be served, nature and organization of the industries in which the trade union members are employed have made it difficult, not impossible, to organize a single workers education center to serve as the workers education associations have in Europe.

Furthermore, at least since the days of the New Deal—and it is only since then that the American labor movement has become a genuine mass movement—the average educational level achieved by the more active American unionists almost certainly has been substantially higher than the average achieved by their European counterparts at the time they came to devise education programs for their members. Additionally, publicly supported adult and extension programs, providing opportunities for vocational training and cultural enrichment have been much more accessible to American workers than to the Europeans.

For these and other reasons, the workers education movement here has taken unique form. It is a mistake, however, as Jack Barbash shows in this book to assume that no development has occurred in this country. He estimates that workers education programs are now sponsored by "thirty international unions with a membership in the neighborhood of 6.5 million." The AFL, the CIO, and many state and local labor bodies also conduct projects that supplement any programs which reach members of other unions without education facilities of their own.

The Barbash book reports on the development of an experimental program of workers education carried on with a grant of money made to the Inter-University Labor Education Committee by the Fund for Adult Education, a subsidiary arm of the Ford Foundation.

This committee had as members representatives of eight universities and four persons each from the AFL and the CIO.

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The programs organized under the grant were all of an experimental nature. They included development at the University of Chicago of materials to be used by union members in the study of international affairs; an attempt, through education, to involve unionists more actively in local community affairs, conducted by Cornell University; the organization, by Penn State, of local labor education councils which sought to initiate programs of continuing workers education at the community level; an education program appealing specifically to union women, sponsored by the University of Illinois; the establishment of a union film center at Roosevelt University; and other programs, as varied, at Rutgers, Wisconsin and the University of California at Los Angeles.

Each of these is described in some detail and evaluated by Jack Barbash. He has developed a very useful handbook or manual that should be of considerable value to professionals in workers of adult education—and of interest to those who may be curious about the development of labor education in the US.

Barbash is an intelligent, sympathetic, yet critical, writer on labor themes, whose book is probably the best statement regarding workers education in the United States that has appeared in many years.

The Psychology of Personality

by Robert T. Morse

PROFESSOR ALLPORT'S professional interest in personality theory covers almost 35 years. It was in 1937 that his volume *Personality and Psychological Interpretation* was first published. The present volume represents a splendid statement of the historical development of psychology.

Becoming, by Gordon W. Allport (Yale; $2.75).

According to the author,

> . . . the goal of psychology is to reduce discord among our philosophies of men and to establish a scale of probable truth so that we may feel increasingly certain that one interpretation is truer than another.

Of special interest is that aspect of personality theory which furnishes the title of the book:

> Personality is less a finished product than a transitive product. While it has some stable features, it is at the same time continually undergoing change. It is this course of change, *of becoming,* of individuation, that is now our special concern.

With the passing years the author has shown increasing acceptance of the psychoanalytic theory of personality development and the predominant significance of infantile experience.

In speaking of infantile relationships, Allport prefers the term *affiliation*, and says, "Early affiliative needs (dependence, succorance and attachment) are the ground of becoming, even in their pre-social stages." Allport feels that he differs from psychoanalytic theory in that:

> . . . in the child who enjoys a normal affiliative ground work and who successfully enters the more advanced stage of socialization, the situation is different. In his case the foundations of character are established by the age of three or five, only in the sense that he is now *free to become*; he is not retarded, he is well launched on the course of continuous and unimpeded growth.

Allport's essay closes with the statement of what he considers the dynamics of modern psychology, namely that

> . . . it has trimmed down the image of man that gave birth to the democratic dream. Up to now the behavioral sciences, including psychology, have not provided us with a picture of man capable of creating or living in a democracy. These sciences in large part have imitated the billiard ball model of physics, now of course, outmoded. They have delivered into our hands a psychology of "empty organism" pushed by drives and molded by environmental circumstances.

This small volume indeed merits careful reading by all serious students of man as a thinking organism.

New Fiction

The Navigator
by Jules Roy (Knopf; $3).

A SHORT narrative of several weeks in the life of a French airman with the RAF. As the only survivor of one plane crash, he decides he likes life even more than he knew, so he refuses to fly with an unreliable pilot. This doesn't endear him to his colleagues, so he changes his mind and decides to fly after all, but with an even more unreliable pilot (who is nearly blind). Flack hits them on their first flight, and the hero chooses to go down with the ship. The meaning of this sacrifice and of the general mood of melancholy is never quite explained.

The Cleft in the Rock
by F. K. Franklin (Crowell; $3).

AN ex-GI with that unwanted feeling, signs up as a medic in a rough construction outfit which works on a wild and windy rock in the Aleutians. On the rock men are men; they don't cotton to "intelligence or imagination," nor to Jews. They taunt the medic, beat him up, steal his fifteen-year-old, tubercular Aleutian girl. Life's a bust, but the hero is revenged: he shoots himself, which, all around, seems the best way out.

Nightmares of Eminent Persons
by Bertrand Russell (Simon and Schuster; $3).

RUSSELL, in addition to turning out to be a fine story-teller, has an eighteenth century way with him which is in the best Voltarian tradition. His *Nightmares* are in the manner of fables; unlike most, they are more concerned with poking holes in contemporary theories of what makes the world go round, than in establishing any definite moral tone. His satiric gift and purpose, however, are more clearly perceived in the two novelettes included in this collection; in *Zahatopolk* his target is the barbarisms and inconsistencies in the world's spiritual movements since classical paganism; in Faith and Mountains, he takes a cynical pot-shot at professional do-gooders and their financial backers, with time out for a healthy crack at Mary B. Eddy. His thesis, from one cover to the other can be summarized in the words of one of his characters; ". . . there is no relation whatever between the vitality and life of a [historical] movement and its basis in good sense."

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FILMS

THE FILM version of *The Seven Year Itch,* George Axelrod's Broadway hit, has carried over enough of the play's sophisticated brightness to indicate the reasons for the play's success: the perfect fulfillment of the well-known Broadway genre of gag, gag, punch-line, epigram, and paradox, crackling like machine-gun fire for three acts until everyone is exhausted, and everything but the next

THE SEVEN YEAR ITCH (Feldman Group Productions).

wisecrack is unreal. Certainly some very funny things get said, as when a vegetarian waitress in an offhand way presents the first serious argument for nudism: pacifism. The soldiers, lacking uniforms, will be unable to tell friend from foe, so they won't be able to kill anyone: the result of their confusion will be universal peace.

Despite the script's cleverness, the presence of Tom Ewell, who is a first rate comedian and Oscar Homolka, who has long been a first rate actor, the entire film continually misses fire and fizzles out, like defective fireworks. And the chief reason, doubtless, is Marilyn Monroe's radiant presence. She is as out of place in a sophisticated comedy as she would be in a Tibetan lamasery, or, to be more exact, in a nunnery. She has been profoundly miscast in a Dumb Dora-Gracie Allen role and in relation to Tom Ewell as a Caspar Milquetoast-Walter Mitty character, both roles being foils for that classic situation of American farce: my wife's gone to the country, hurray.

Miss Monroe is neither a Dumb Dora nor a sophisticated comedienne: neither intelligence nor stupidity have anything to do with her radiant, self-delighting image, which in this film is a distraction so immense that it becomes the chief interest, the kind of thing one would expect to happen had W. C. Fields played in *The Importance of Being Earnest* or a Restoration comedy. Nevertheless other film critics were wrong, I think, to question Miss Monroe's gifts as an actress when they described the failure of the film. To say that Miss Monroe is at fault is a colossal piece of irrelevance, one comparable to that of the little girl in Carl Sandburg's poem who, when she saw the midsummer moon arise, wanted to know what it was supposed to advertise.

Miss Monroe, like the true Hollywood beauties of old who preceded her as daughters of Venus, is a national phenomenon, like Buffalo Bill, the Mack Sennett bathing beauty, cross-word puzzles, Coca-Cola, Babe Ruth, and chewing gum. She can be understood only from one point of view, that of beauty, which is its own excuse for being, a truth which, as Emerson was but one among the first to recognize, must be pointed out to the American public time and again. Nothing that Miss Monroe says in any role can be quite as meaningful as the ways in which she sways: her poise and carriage have a true innocence: have a spontaneity, an un-selfconsciousness which are the extreme antithesis to the calculated sex of the strip tease and other forms of the propagation of prurience.

As an image and symbol, Miss Monroe represents an advance—or a regress, depending upon one's point of view—but in any case something new and different from her predecessors as screen sirens and queens. Most of them made sexual attractiveness quite as exciting as Miss Monroe does, but scarcely ever without making sexual beauty inseparable from evil, ruin, destruction, and all the stigmas imposed by Puritanism: the screen siren was a deadly vamp like Theda Bara, a honky-tonk Medusa like Marlene Dietrich, an unattainable Valkyrie who suggested Nirvana with a Swedish accent like Garbo, or a platinum blonde who suggested, like Jean Harlow, the blank and fatal beauty of an iceberg: but whatever her incarnation, she united love and death, beauty and evil, passion and demoralization as cause and effect.

Miss Monroe, however, is either beyond good and evil or prior to it. Sex is naughty, in a way, but very nice; it is naughty only as eating candy between meals might be, or getting a tan on the beach: it's not going to kill anyone, wreck a man's life, cause Anthony to lose the Roman Empire, inspire Nelson to win the Battle of Trafalgar; nor will it either precipitate or prevent another world war. Miss Monroe's attitude toward herself precludes such unnecessary overcomplications: she likes herself, she likes her body, she likes men, and she is having a wonderful time.

To speak thus of Miss Monroe as an image and a symbol and a "sign of the times" is to risk seeming pompous, or jocose. The literal seriousness of the point can be made clear by citing two very different witnesses: women's clubs all over the nation protested when, two years ago, Miss Monroe appeared in *Niagara,* a film in which the Falls seemed less of a natural force than Miss Monroe; and in the preface to a recent pocketbook of photographs of the film production itself, George Axelrod, enchanted enough to disregard the disappearance of his comedy, says "Marilyn Monroe doesn't just play The Girl, She *is* The Girl." But clearly the whole truth belongs to the future and future social historians: the most one can say now is that Puritanism is no longer alive enough to inspire defiance; and the new attitude which Miss Monroe embodies with such natural and joyous ebullience first began to emerge in the lyric which Celeste Holm sang in *Oklahoma* in which she expressed much mock-distress at being just a girl who can't say no.

As the film of *The Seven Year Itch* shows, it would be wholly wrong to suppose that it does not matter what roles Miss Monroe plays, a comment which is prompted by Miss Monroe's interest in the heroines of Dostoevsky, an author who has suddenly become the object of mortal blows from all directions, including Jimmy Durante who announces in *Reader's Digest* that he can do without Dostoevsky but not without *Reader's Digest.* There are many other roles for which Miss Monroe is a natural: the one principle to be kept in mind is that, as long as the moonlight of Hollywood shines from coast to coast, it is just as important to be a star as to be an actress, provided that one is not a mixture or compromise but is, like Miss Monroe, a genuine star and nothing else. Among the plenitude of parts awaiting Miss Monroe are, for example, Venus in the drama of the judgment of Paris, Pocahontas, all the girls Ziegfield wanted to glorify, and all the Miss Americas from 1920 to 1950 on the boardwalk or the beach at Atlantic City. Neurotic; unhappy-making roles, such as Grushenka, Hedda Gabler, Elizabeth Barrett Browning, and Iris March, ought to be left to actresses more divided in mind and heart, less wholesome, and less blessed with a pure physical confidence and a beautiful innocence of heart.

The subject is one I feel so strongly

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about (it is a great deal less unimportant than a great many things that are wrongly supposed to be a great deal more important) that I have been inspired to conceive of two proper scenarios: in one Miss Monroe plays Lady Godiva: this is a slightly new version, for Lady Godiva's underlying motive is to impress her horse, who has shown himself insensitive to her charms; but better by far is a version of the drama of Original Sin free of all morbidity: Miss Monroe plays Eve, the serpent (Raymond Massey) comes along with the apple, which is turned down by Miss Monroe as Eve who declares that she is getting along fine with Adam, is happily married, and needs no fruit; and then either the serpent is sent away like an obstreperous salesman or Eve uses all of her female wiles to seduce the serpent into eating the apple himself, thus eliminating Satan, purging the universe of evil, and bringing about the most overwhelming, total, and conclusive of all the happy endings Hollywood has ever filmed. A part like this would reveal how Miss Monroe differs from all other actresses. However pure and virginal they are as ingenue heroines, they seem to have by contrast an irreducible, inescapable resemblance to Mata-Hari and her Philistine forbear, Delilah.

DELMORE SCHWARTZ

TELEVISION

My corner druggist tells me his shelves are swept clean and he is awaiting reorders of Revlon Products because of the demand stimulated by a new television program, "The $64,000 Question." Plainly the show is a hit. But when I view this newest television sensation, I see nothing new. Here is the usual joyous quiz-master (Hal March) whose type is legion. And the usual pretty girl who introduces the contestants (to Mr. March) as if they just entered the studio. Added trimmings include a bank manager opening a strong box and solemnly handing over the sealed questions and an isolation booth into which the quizee is placed, for sweet hokum's sake, when the stakes get high.

But for all the trimmings and the admitted impact upon public and city desks, this is just one more audience participation program. True the size of the grand prize reflects current inflation. Otherwise, I ask myself, how can this great popularity be explained? Not by the run-of-mill contestants. Rather the show is juiced up by its "stars." Yes, audience participation has them, too; and they are selected with appropriate care for their probable appeal. A handsome policeman with five children batting .500 on Shakespeare and resting with $32,000 is a star to steer by. So is a motherly authority on the Bible. When she, too, bats .500 and stops at $32,000 it is to the apparent emotional relief of the entire nation. These are folk heroes and their personal dilemma sets up a worry-wave. Should they go for the full $64,000 next week at the risk of losing what's already in hand save for a consolation prize (a mere $4,000 Cadillac roadster)?

What may one fairly take away from this phenomenon? That in a tax-shadowed era people are peculiarly fascinated by the dream of a lump sum? That Americans are a nation of parlor game lovers? That there is an old Yankee spelling bee respect for the ability to answer questions of straight fact in non-controversial areas?

"The $64,000 Question" is an expansion and visualization of the old radio show, "Take It or Leave It" which introduced into the American idiom the catchphrase, "Here's the $64 Question." After many years the program ran its course and left the air. Owned personally by the adman, Milton Biow, he sold it to an independent program-building house, Lou Cowan, Inc., which revised it for cameras and added big-money in the title, a stroke of advertising genius. A brand-new-on-the-job television program executive, Walter Craig, whose agency represented Revlon Products, promptly snatched it up. The rest is history. Comes the wonderful news breaks, a delight and a bonus for the sponsor. Comes the popularity ratings. Comes the sold-out drug stores and cosmetic counters multiplied by X. Of such stuff are the dreams of advertising agencies made; in proof of which, Craig has had his name added to the name of his agency.

Meanwhile the critics are openly dismayed by this success story. They fear it is the sort of thing which strengthens the hucksters in their aversion to trying anything new or novel. In answer the hucksters taunt the critics: what's wrong with popularity? Does it not take talent to sense in an apparently moribund radio format the makings of a successful television revival? Why shoot Santa Claus?

Personally I wouldn't go to the barricade over this program, either way. Feats of memory are feats of memory, and nobody objects to them, but like card tricks a little is a lot. When I asked my corner druggist if he didn't think "The $64,000 Question" was old hat he gave me what may be as telltale an answer as any. "Look, the packaged goods people have learned that there's plenty of profit and not too much risk in imitation. They imitate one another like crazy in creams and lipsticks and slogans so what they probably want in a television program is one just like all the others, only with a fancier package."

It figures. For $64 Question substitute $64,000 Question. It classes up the package.

WENDELL BROGEN

Notes on Contributors

ROBERT GRAVES has recently published his Collected Poems. NORA MAGID is a young American critic. BRENDAN SEXTON is educational director of UAW-CIO. ROBERT T. MORSE is a Washington psychiatrist. WENDELL BROGEN writes on radio and TV.

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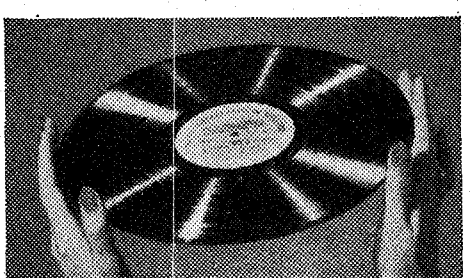

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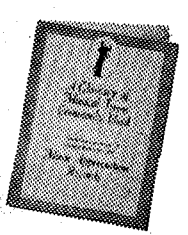

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